The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1669 JAN. 16, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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MAKE 1932 A HEARING YEAR.

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CADBURY *Maker of fine Chocolates*

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AIRMAN

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AIRMAN MIXTURE
AIRMAN NAVY CUT
AIRMAN FLAKE
AIRMAN GOLDEN HONEYDEW
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ALL AT 10D PER OZ.

P.A.12A

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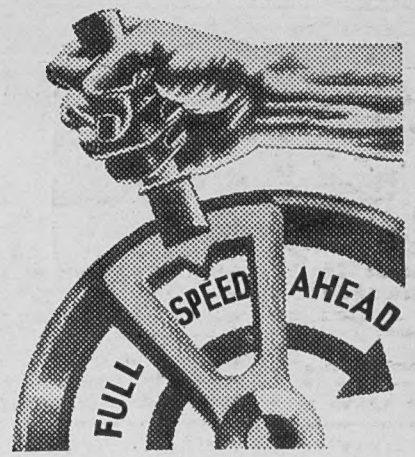

BRITISH IS THE BEST POLICY

When a modern advertising campaign is prepared, the form of its appeal is decided by what is called the "policy" laid down in advance.

"Sell British" is the best advertising policy of to-day. The British public wants British goods. Never before was the demand so urgent or so insistent. The producer of British goods who tells the public that his goods are British—who marks them, labels them, and advertises them in such a way that they *must* be identified as British—is going to reap a rich reward at the expense of his foreign competitors.

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, January 16, 1932

The COUNTRY COMES to TOWN for the JERSEY WEDDING

The Earl of Jersey with the New Countess outside St. Margaret's, Westminster

The youthful romance between the Earl of Jersey and Miss Patricia Richards, daughter of a distinguished sheep-owner of Sydney, culminated in one of the youngest, most attractive, and most eagerly thronged weddings that St. Margaret's, Westminster, has witnessed for many moons. A graceful feature of the proceedings occurred when nearly all the tenants from Middleton Stoney, Oxon., Lord Jersey's estate, arrived in motor coaches, leaving their village practically deserted. The bride is not yet nineteen while the groom has passed his majority only by little more than a year. Miss Richards wore as her bridal veil an heirloom of the Jersey family — lace that was once the property of Marie Antoinette. Nine bouquets of exquisite lilies of the valley, specially grown on Lord Jersey's estate, were carried by the bridesmaids who were dressed in scarlet velvet dresses, long white gloves, and pointed golden "halo" head-dresses

A London New

THE SHACKLETON MEMORIAL: The striking memorial by C. S. Jaggers, A.R.A., to the great Antarctic explorer was unveiled a few days ago by the Marquess of Zetland, Chairman of the Memorial Committee. It is set in the exterior wall of the Royal Geographical Society building in Kensington Gore

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, January 13, 1932.

GERMANY AND HER FINANCES.—Germany to-day is the focus of the eyes of the world of business. The intricacies of her financial obligations have increased with every effort that has been made since the War to put her reparations account on a working basis. The Dawes plan made the first serious attempt to bring into the sphere of practical politics the exuberances of the Versailles scheme of vengeance. She was invited to pay £125,000,000 per annum *ad infinitum* by way of reparations. As that sum was on a par basis, it represented an obligation of infinity for eternity, and the Young plan intervened to reduce eternity to a maximum of half a century, and infinity to £1,670,000,000 sterling. Not content with these generous concessions, the Young plan ordained that under no circumstances could any further concessions apply to the punctual payment of one-third of this annual sum, not even bankruptcy; but it was left open to the creditor nations to sanction a moratorium of the remaining two-thirds, if it was clearly shown that Germany simply could not pay it in any given year. In other words, the Young plan said to the golden goose: You must lay ten eggs of pure gold every day. But if you don't, and your doctor says you simply can't, then you must lay three eggs a day this week and seventeen eggs a day next week to make up. And if your doctor says you can't even lay three eggs a day without dying, well, you must anyway, because otherwise the Young plan will be an utter frost and the triumphant Allies will look as if they hadn't after all won the Peace.

. . . .

And from that day, Germany has (according to some) been shamming dead every morning at laying time. But (according to others) every reluctant egg she has laid has brought her nearer to the Golden Gates of Golden Geese. Some flourish statistics to show that Germany's foreign trade position is healthier than that of any country in the world and is improving by leaps and bounds. Others say that she has no working capital at all and that unless she can revive her short-term credit she must crash instanter and her life blood—her commerce—will drain away. America and France say she is shamming. England and others, with an eye on the life blood, think there is something in the theory that the golden goose is wearing out. That is the problem now to be investigated.

IT RESTS WITH INDIA.—It is no use minimizing the power for evil which Congress, fettered or free, can exert in India, while it is impossible to exaggerate the absurdity of the new campaign of civil disobedience. Here is Congress secure in the position towards which agitators and extremists have for years been striving. It finds the British Government at home and in India not only pledged but prejudiced in favour of giving preferential treatment to the claims, aims, and aspirations of Congress above those of any other Indian interest. At such a moment to clog the wheels of progress—progress which would else be inevitably more rapid than in the rosiest dreams of visionaries—can only be described as childishness and lunacy. To such illogicality there is no parallel in history. It affords a searching test of the genuineness of Indian aspirations. Gandhi and his followers represent a small section of one out of many divergent interests. If now other and possibly more important interests watch apathetically the folly and vanity of a few destroying all hopes of constructive progress towards self-government, then indeed the declared aspirations of all become suspect. We begin to ask—as Montagu did—whether Indians genuinely desire to assume the heavy responsibilities of self-government.

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If ever logic, sense, and justice cried out to Indians of all classes and creeds to present a united front against these disturbers of their peace and destroyers of their hopes, it is now, when at length the vast majority of that polyglot Empire is assured that the British Raj is the most energetic, the best organized, and the most determined factor in the success of the movement towards self-government. There is some hope that Tej Bahadur Sapru, the Liberal leader, will show a little moral courage and give a lead to moderate opinion by supporting the Viceroy. But elsewhere only those business interests which stand to lose by the crippling of British trade show signs of condemning openly the policy of the extremists. Only the weight of Indian opinion can now improve the situation. As long as the policy of Gandhi and his followers is opposed only by the forces of the British Government, Congress, whether crippled or free to act, remains a bar to all constructive progress. Gandhi free, or Gandhi in gaol with his select library, blocks the way until his vanity, folly, and selfishness are condemned by a majority opinion in India.

LLOYD GEORGE AND CO.—It is a dull world of politics when that great organization, Lloyd George and Co., puts up its shutters for a holiday. Speculation and rumour then die down and the political prophets lose their occupation. The shutters are down again now, the company secretaries are working full time, and every typist and telephonist is hard at it. The Articles of Association of this great corporation are very wide. Primarily a power company, it dispensed for a couple of years at the end of the War what was practically a monopoly; and though latterly it has found that monopoly seriously challenged by a number of rival concerns, yet its power lines run far and wide, mostly underground, and the company can still turn on the juice and exercise its power in the most unlikely and remote corners of England and Wales. It was known at one time to possess immense capital reserves, but does not, like ordinary companies, publish annually a regularly audited balance sheet. Wide as its sphere of activity is, it is in truth a one-man show depending for its existence on the brains and whims of its perpetual chairman. Directors come and go, the chairman remains to practise his great slogan: Power on Liberal terms. The company also controls important gas and pyrotechnic undertakings.

MODERN CRUSOES.—A year or so ago I read with intense pleasure (and referred to in the "Newsletter") an account of a lonely existence on a bird-haunted island off Milford Haven. It was called *Dream Island*, and was by R. Lockley, who is the owner of Skokholm, the remoter of those islands. Early last week I was standing (or rather leaning against the gale) on the wild cliff above St. Govan's Head on the lonely Pembrokeshire coast, half blinded by sand and spindrift, peering into the tumbling wastes of grey waters with their wicked lines of foam and treacherous tide-races, little dreaming that somewhere in that cruel sea Major Sturt, the owner of Skomer, the nearer one of those islands, was adrift in his damaged motor boat, powerless in the fury of the storm. Major Sturt lives alone on Skomer with his wife, eking out a precarious existence as a rabbit-trapper and a picker up of flotsam and jetsam. Periodically he is compelled by the necessities of life and of his business to make the mainland, although for days at a time the passage in winter may be perilous in the extreme. I recollect that the squire of Dream Island lived in dread of the failure of his engine on such trips, and had a record of a score of breathless scapes in the passage to the mainland. The currents in those parts of the coast are wicked and treacherous beyond belief, and the lifeboat crew of St. David's, the coastguards, and the villagers searched the sea and coast line without much hope. Fortunately, after a night of terror, cold, and hunger, Major Sturt and his companion pulled into Little Haven. Major Sturt and Mr. Lockley are modern Crusoes, and a book like *Dream Island* made me green with envy of such an existence in these days. For besides enjoying the privileges and bliss of undisputed sovereignty, the exhilaration of farming, trapping, fishing, and scrounging for very existence, these islanders are bird-watchers of great experience, and have unbounded opportunities of pursuing their hobby on Skomer and Skokholm. But that existence, as *Dream Island* showed, and as events prove, is not to be won except by the highest courage and the sternest sort of endurance. We could all be Crusoes for a fortnight in July. But all-the-year-round Crusoes are of sterner stuff. Milford Haven seems to attract these rare birds.

"CLASSICS" AND BEST SELLERS.—I read the other day a carefully prepared list of the "best sellers" among novels during the last thirty years and marvelled to find how many of them were utterly forgotten and (more than forgotten) dismissed into obscurity with condemnation. It leads to the conclusion that in the 20th century at any rate immediate popularity is no proof of coming immortality and consequently no guide to literary merit. A best seller (it seems) owes its success to a shrewd or lucky hitting-off of a passing public fancy. Merit alone can make a book survive a passing fancy, or appeal to more than one generation. The thirty-year list included *Sir Richard Calmady*, *Temporal Power*, *Lovely Mary*, *Divine Fire*, *Scarlet Pimpernel*, *Beloved Vagabond*, *The Broken Road*, *Holy Orders*, *The Rosary*, *The Broad Highway*, *New Macchiavelli*, *Mr. Wycherley's Ward*, *Open Window*, *Quinney's*, *Freckles*, *Mr. Britling*, *Beyond*, *Strange Roads*. That takes us to the end of the War. An illuminating list. I should say that if you asked a book-loving and intelligent young person of 21 to-day to examine this list of much-advertised works of genius, he would answer that he had read *The Scarlet Pimpernel* at his private school, remembered the merits of *Mr. Britling*, and neither knew nor felt drawn to know anything of the

sletter

other "immortals." But when *Waverley* convulsed the town, it was in for a longer run.

THE GARDENS OF ENGLAND.—The gardens of England deserve a New Year review, for all that they wear a somewhat desolate and unhopeful air at this season of the year. But (joyous thought) in a week or so now snowdrops and aconites will be pushing forth their gay and bold little faces and, since gardeners are the chief optimists, our thoughts will turn to daffodils and Spring. So, first of all, let us examine the report of the National Gardens Scheme of the Queen's Nursing Institute. Last year, for all its miserable weather, this admirable organization netted £10,000 for District Nursing and achieved untold value in national goodwill and fellowship. The first prize goes to Gloucestershire's private gardens, which made £698. Sandringham, treated by itself as a Royal County, comes next with £694. Then follow Kent, Dorset, and Surrey, all on the £600 mark, wlth East Sussex well over £500. I have one suggestion to make to the organizers: That they should seek for gratuitous publicity on a wider scale. *The Times* gives noble help one day a week in summer. I should like to see the lists of open gardens printed also in the great weeklies. If the Editor of THE SPHERE permits, I shall this summer regularly star some favourites weekly in the "Newsletter." For the scheme is wholly admirable and deserves every encouragement. It gives to gardeners, professional and amateur, an enormous stimulus and pride in their labours. It disseminates horticultural knowledge, smashes class barriers, breeds friendliness and neighbourliness, and supports the noblest cause. If you plan in advance, you can visit three or four lovely gardens in a summer afternoon and make a score of new friends and new interests. Last year over 1,000 gardens opened and over a quarter million garden lovers visited them. In 1932 I bank on half a million visitors to the best show on offer.

. . . . .

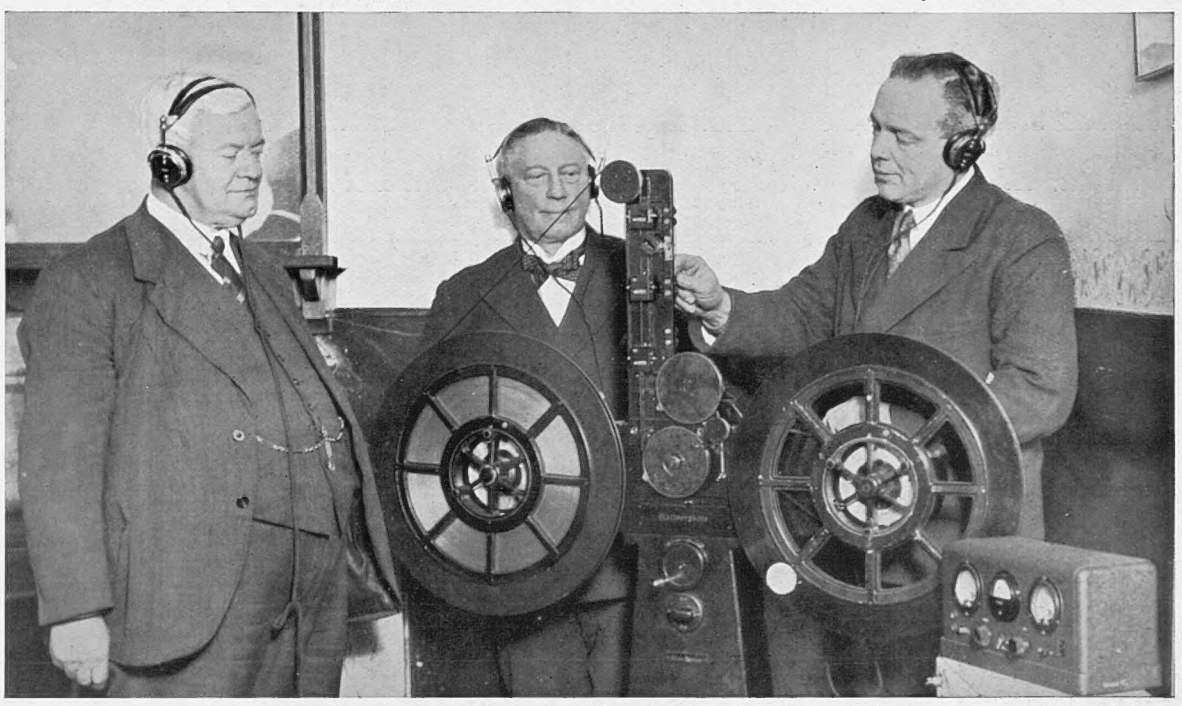
And this leads me to a consideration of the tendency of modern garden planning. I noted with much interest the report of the Landscape Gardeners' Confabulation in 1931. The landscape architects have shown clearly that they look ahead. They see farther into the future than I confess I have yet seen. After an undetermined lacuna of economy, they see foreshadowed a revolution in garden planning. Instead of a central focus of ornamental water, or a ribbon scheme of grass paths, the garden will become a setting for a private landing ground for aeroplanes. Herbaceous borders will frame the grass track which leads to the hangar, climbers will camouflage the walls of that modern essential; azaleas and rhododendrons will fringe the aerodrome, while arrows and other ground signs will be done in flowers according to season — snowdrops, daffodils, tulips, and marigolds. And think of that day of bustle and organization when your own new and up-to-date garden is thrown open to the public and you stand on your aerodrome (with tickets and bagful of change) and welcome one by one the swarm of Moths which already darken the sky above your head.

THREE SCORE AND TEN.—Thanks to the watchfulness of Mr. Gabb, whose eyes never shut on the obituary columns of *The Times*, we have been furnished with the number of centenarians and nonagenarians whose deaths were recorded in 1931. These figures make "very cheerful reading." We are getting as long lived as we apparently were in the reign of Charles II; 428 nonagenarians passed through those columns and fourteen centenarians. Two-thirds of these were women, and of the women a vast proportion were married women. Presumably not a quarter of the nonagenarians who die in any given year are mentioned in *The Times*, although centenarians, duly certified, always provide an acceptable news item, alive or dead, especially if their recipes for long life are forthcoming. Accordingly, we may fairly say that to have reached ninety is no very remarkable feat in itself. A thousand Englishmen do it every year. But to have lived through the last ninety years and to retain your illusions and a keen zest for living and a keen interest in current affairs, that is indeed an achievement.

THE OLD STAGER.

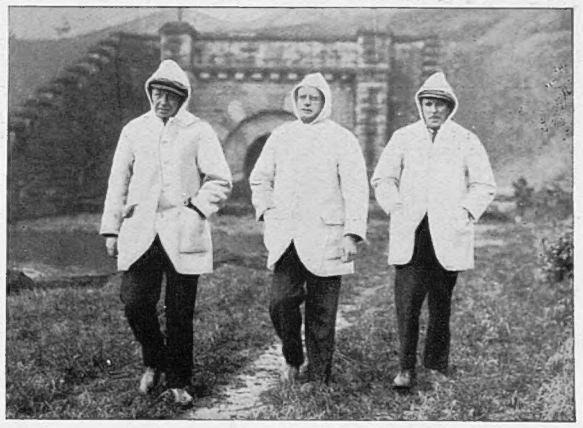
FOUR MILLIONS IN BULLION arrived a few days ago on board the P. & O. liner *Strathnaver*. The gold was loaded on to lorries and sent to London. Customs officers are seen above examining the metal

A FANCY SMITHING DEMONSTRATION executed a few days ago at Colchester by Mr. A. W. Elwood, travelling adviser to the Rural Industries Bureau, who has been loaned to the Essex Rural Community Council

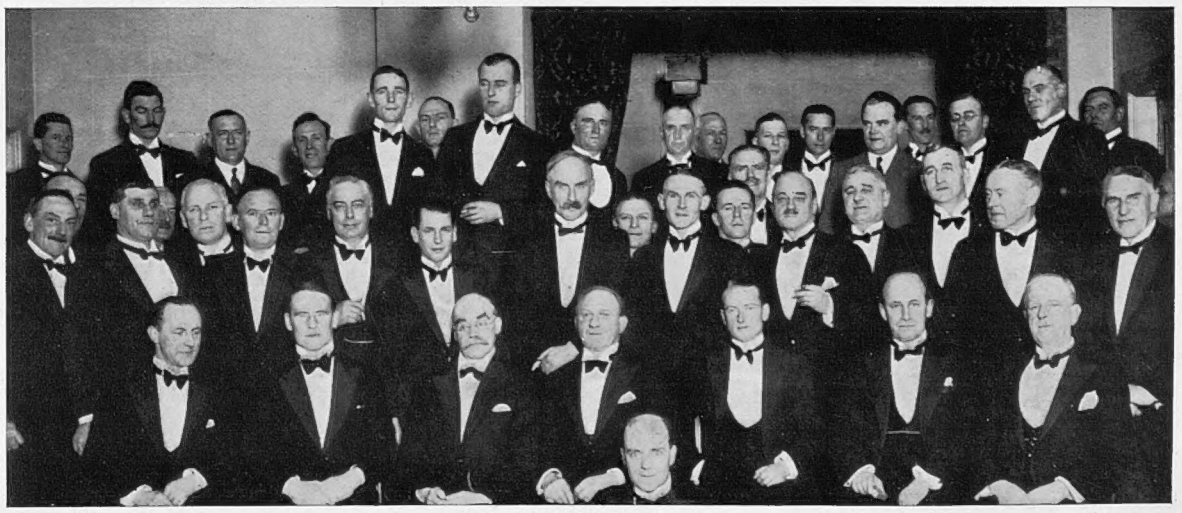


RECORDING EVIDENCE: For the first time, a sound record of the evidence has been made in a law court. This occurred during the hearing of a case in Manchester City Police Court. Above is seen the recording apparatus, on which the steel tape is wound, while members of the bench listen to this pioneer effort. Radio has already been used in murder trials in the U.S.A., but this may well prove a desirable innovation—and one which, *mirabile dictu!* emanates from Britain

PRESERVING RUNNYMEDE: The Egham-Windsor road is being raised three feet by the National Trust, to place it permanently above flood level; the entrance to the "Charter Town" is to be marked with ornamental gates supported by domed chalets



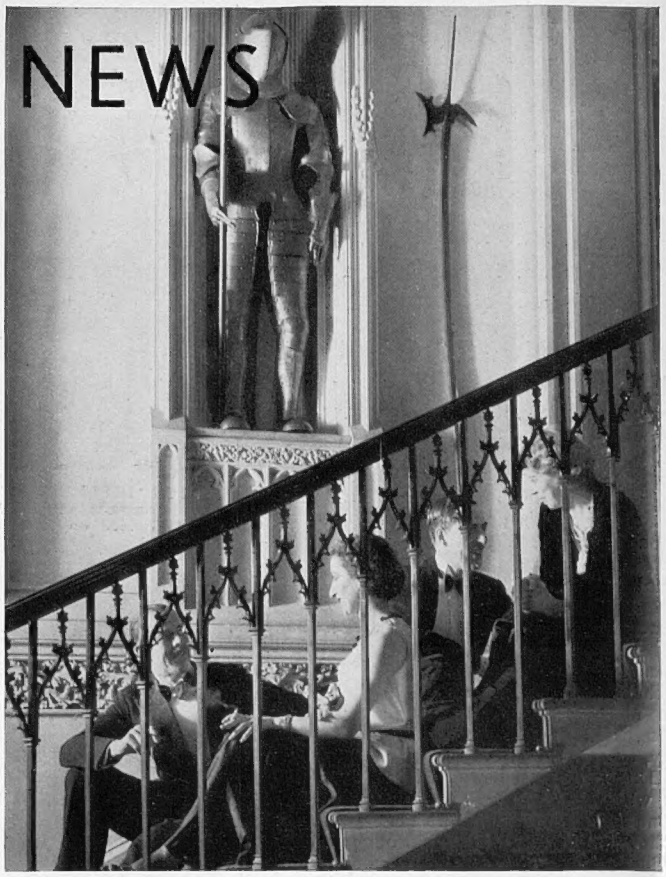
HOODED ENGINEERS: Much anxiety has been caused lately by leakages in the Ewden Dam, near Sheffield. The engineers are seen above on an inspection tour; they wear "donkeys"—heavy coats of white serge—with hoods for protection in "headings" or bad weather



"TO THOSE WHO NEVER RETURNED": A group at the fourth annual dinner of the Antarctic Club, when forty notable explorers and research workers in the ultimate Southern regions assembled to pay tribute to those who lost their lives—Scott, Oates, Shackleton, and others. The group includes (left to right seated in the front row):—Commander J. H. Blair, Admiral E. R. G. R. Evans, Dr. H. R. Mill, Commander L. C. Bernacchi (president), G. H. Watkins (of the Greenland Expedition which rescued Courtauld), Admiral Sir Reginald Skelton, and Warrant Officer W. Archer (of Scott's ship *Terranova*). Seated in front of L. C. Bernacchi is Commander Mather (hon. secretary), and standing behind L. C. Bernacchi is Dr. Rudmose Brown (the president elect), and other notabilities of Antarctic fame

HOME NEWS

A NIGHT CRASH: Five women were injured, two of them seriously, when a London-bound coach on one of the long-distance night services, collided with the rear of a lorry at Meriden Hill, Warwickshire, last week. The lorry fell down the bank after the collision, while the driver of the coach was detained in hospital. The sleeping passengers had a rude awakening



PAST AND PRESENT: Sitting out on the stairs, ever a feature of the dances in the great Swiss resorts, has now established itself in the ski-ing centres at home—as this picture from the Taymouth Castle Hotel—formerly a seat of the Marquess of Breadalbane—proves

IMPROMPTU WATERFALLS were to be seen on the main road from North Curry to Durston, Somerset a district that has been suffering seriously from floods that of late have inundated large areas. The fantastic appearance created by the scene recalls some of the war paintings of fifteen years ago. Much of the West Country has been flooded in the past few days, more especially in the Monmouth area

GAIETY IN SCOTLAND: The surge of the normally Switzerland-going crowd to North Britain has given an immense impetus to the hôteliers to improve their amusements

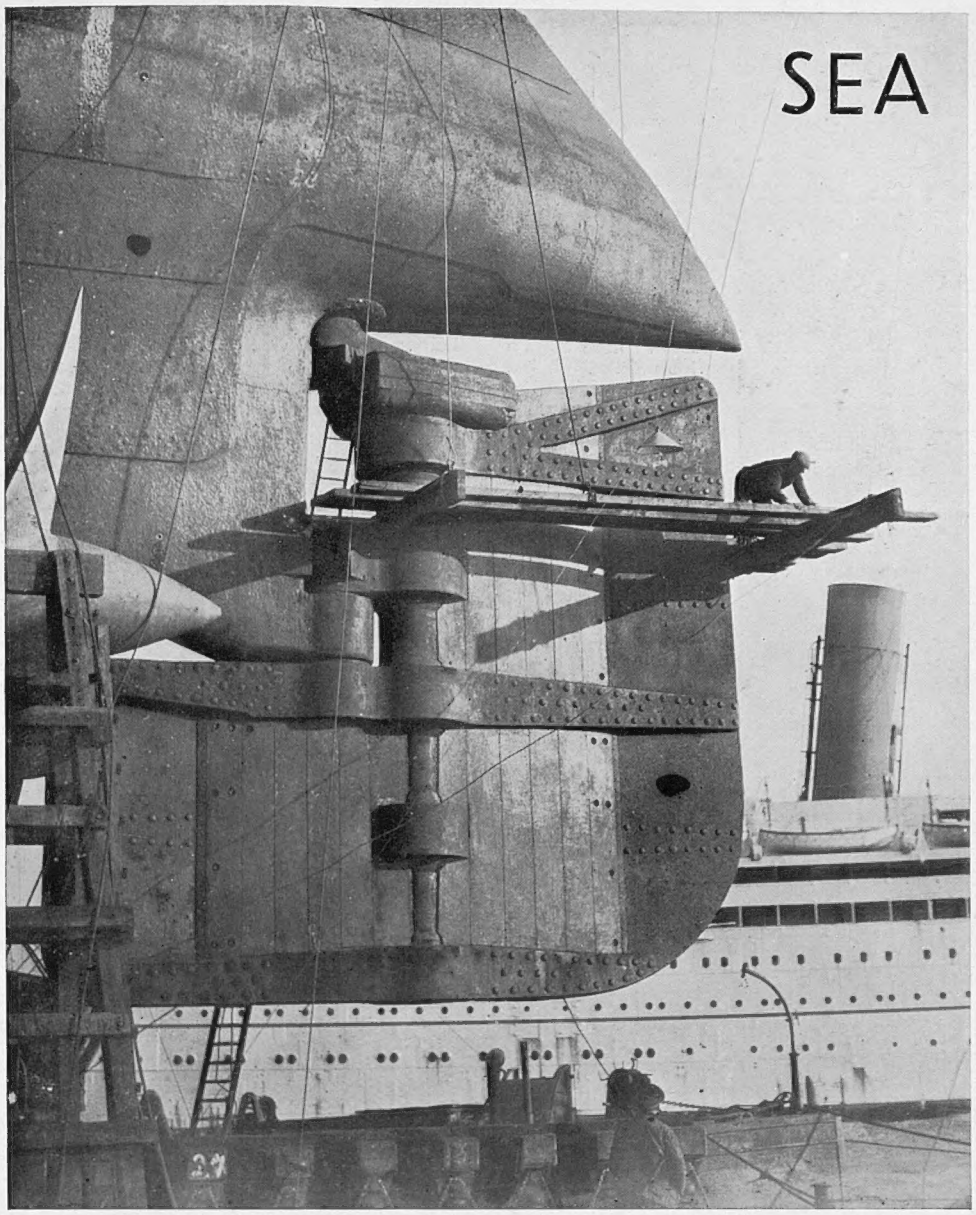
WITH THE COTTESMORE: Lady Irene Cubitt, daughter of the fourth Marquess of Camden, and Lady Manton —two keen followers. This picture was taken during the meet at Stapleford

FOUR RIVERS OVERFLOW: A scene on the outskirts of Gloucester. Hundreds of acres in the West Country have been inundated by the flooding of the Wye, the Usk, the Monnow and the Trothy. In some parts the floods are 5 ft. deep

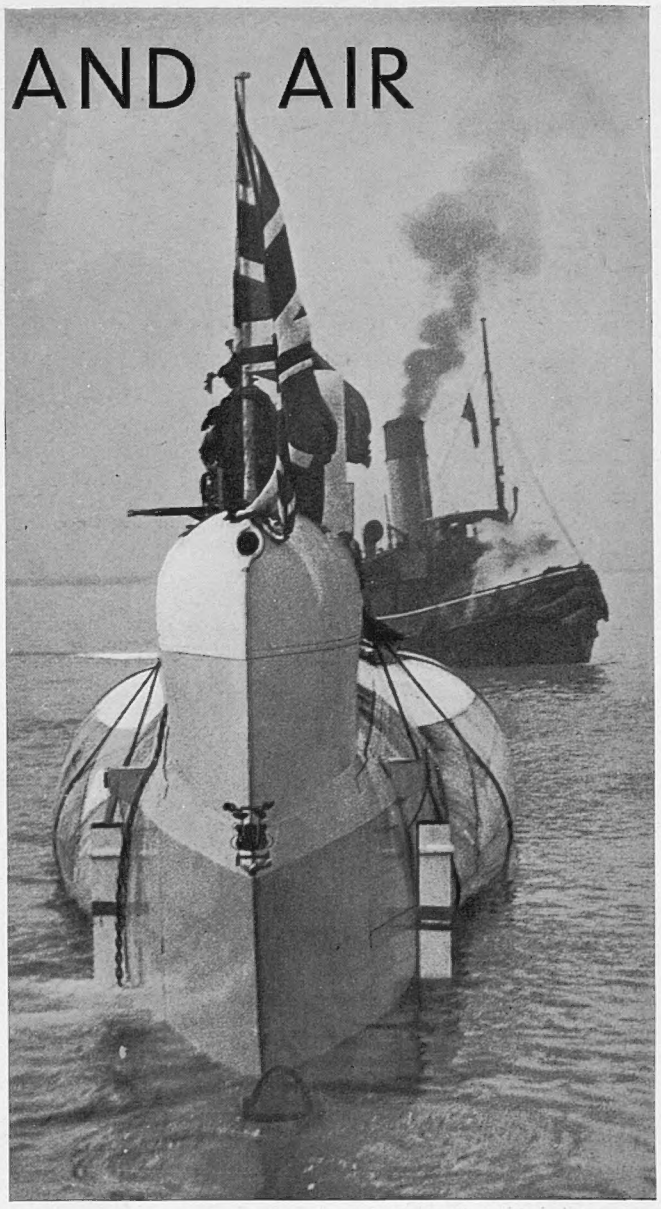
THE SAFETY DEVICE WRECKED: A fire escape, summoned to a motor fire in the Mall, swerved to avoid a pedestrian in Trafalgar Square, crashed into an obelisk and was wrecked. The drivers of the fire department rival 'bus-drivers for skill

TALES OF WINTER SPORT are told now round the cocktail bars of the Scottish hotels—a moment from the Taymouth Castle Hotel, Perthshire

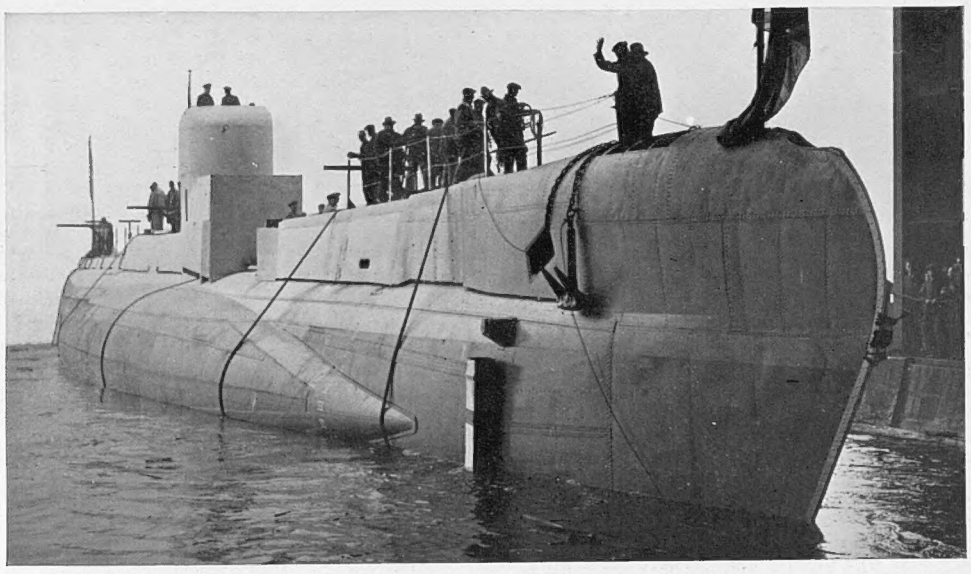
SEA AND AIR



THE *AQUITANIA* IN A FLOATING DOCK: Workmen rig tackle to remove the great Cunarder's propellers during the overhaul she is now undergoing in the largest floating dock in the world—that in Southampton. Attempts are being made to complete the extensive overhaul in record time. This popular vessel and the *Mauretania* secured a large amount of the 1931 business

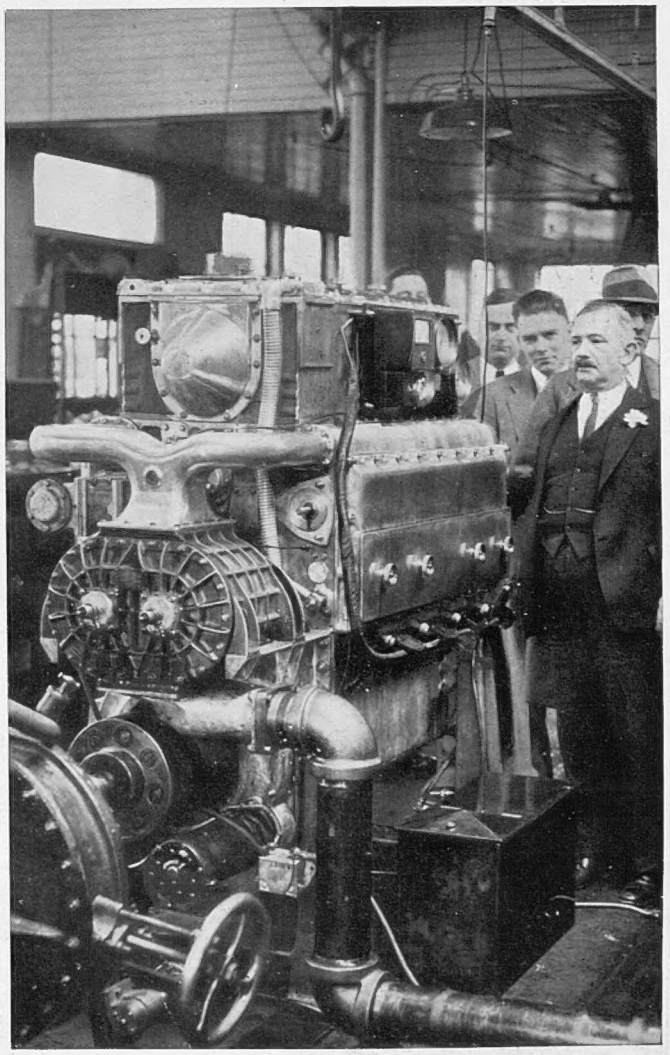


BRITAIN'S NEWEST SUBMARINE: A bow-on view of H.M. Submarine *Sturgeon*, launched a day or two ago at Chatham. The turret-looking object is the foreshortened view of the bow superstructure

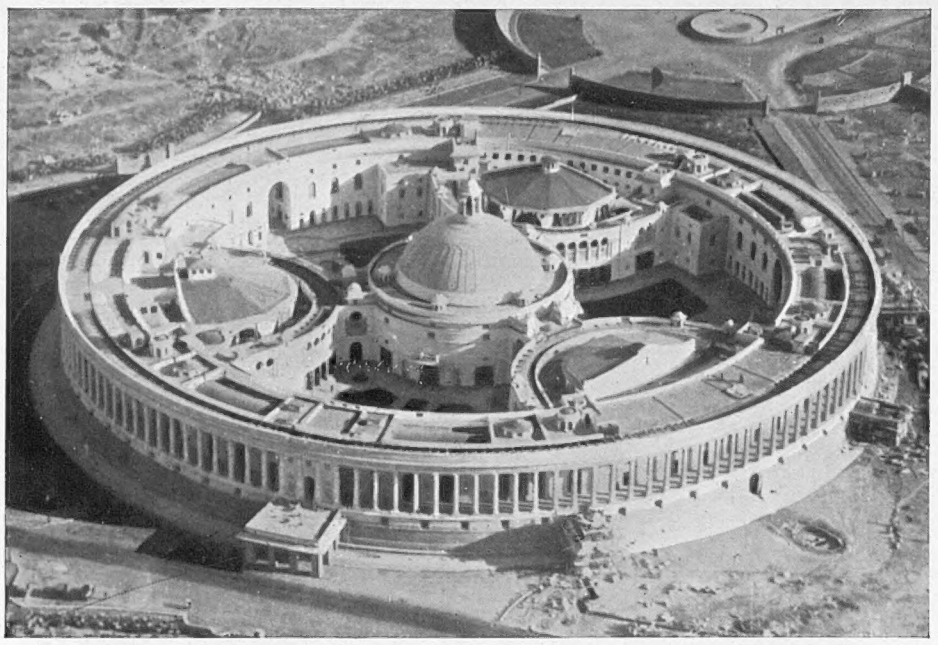


THE "POCKET" SUBMARINE: H.M. Submarine *Sturgeon* launched at Chatham Naval Dockyard a few days ago. She is the second of the new S class of small underwater craft and has a surface displacement of 642 tons. The bulges (technically termed "blisters") at the side protect the vessel from the effect of floating mines that form the bane of submarines

TO ATTEMPT THE CHANNEL: M. Rémi, a distinguished French inventor, with the curious craft of his own design in which he is to attempt to cross the Channel. This picture was taken on the Seine after the completion of successful preliminary tests. The inventor is seen in overalls on the left



HALF AS MANY CYCLES—TWICE AS MUCH POWER: Mr. Frank B. Stearns, designer of the Stearns-Knight motor, demonstrates to automobile engineers his new type of Diesel engine which has neither ordinary nor sleeve valves. The structure is made almost entirely of aluminium and its development has cost twelve years of time and a hundred thousand pounds in cash. It is claimed for the engine by its designer that, despite the fact that it is but a two-cycle motor, it will develop the power obtainable in other models only from a four-cycle engine of similar piston displacement



THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD OF GOVERNMENT: An aerial view of the Council Chamber, New Delhi—a city in which a Nationalistic change, as drastic as that which swept Britain a couple of months ago, is making itself (to the delight of patriotic and imperial-minded Britons) very evident

The ARMY of

The Methods of the Maintenance of Pax Britannic Mountain, in City and in Village

By Lieut.-General Sir

India is supposed to be in revolution. The Congress has been planning to set up a parallel and independent government of its own—a Republic! Assuming that the congregation of intelligentzia, whose hands from time immemorial have never kept their head, can persuade or hypnotize a portion of the martial classes to take up arms, what then? How does a Government of India prepare for and tackle rebellion in this vast continent that is 1,800 miles from north to south and 1,800 miles from east to west? What are the resources and plans to meet such an emergency in modern times, and is anyone specially charged with a study of the subject, or is it left till some occasion arises?

The Empires of India, from the time when Alexander of Macedon crossed the Indus down to those of the last of the Mogul Emperors, were never free from internal revolution and disturbance; but for full three-quarters of a century now has the British Peace, the *Pax Britannica*, prevailed almost uninterrupted in India, so that the sword of self-defence for anything greater than a riot that police can handle may well have rusted in the scabbard. To-day people in Britain may be glad to know something of such matters, and if authority is prepared to handle trouble that is serious in a dozen different quarters.

As a matter of hard fact, the Government of India have always been very cognizant of the rumbling volcano on which the British régime as much as its predecessors has had to sit. The matter of internal defence has been one of the most prominent problems they have had to consider since the Company's *Raj* commenced. The mutiny of the Bengal Army in 1857 brought the problem home to all concerned in no uncertain manner. This matter of internal defence has therefore always been something more pronounced than the mere maintenance of law and order in the police sense. India, as has so often been said, is as large as Europe less Russia. When Napoleon succeeded in spreading his power over just that area, his rule was an exceedingly rough one. In the same way the rule and control of a continent of similar size by the British has been no easy matter. Before looking at the problem as it presents itself now, and the modern machine of law and order, a glance at history can alone help us to get the matter into perspective.

TYPES OF THE INDIAN ARMY: A Muslim from the Punjab on the left; a Dogra on the right

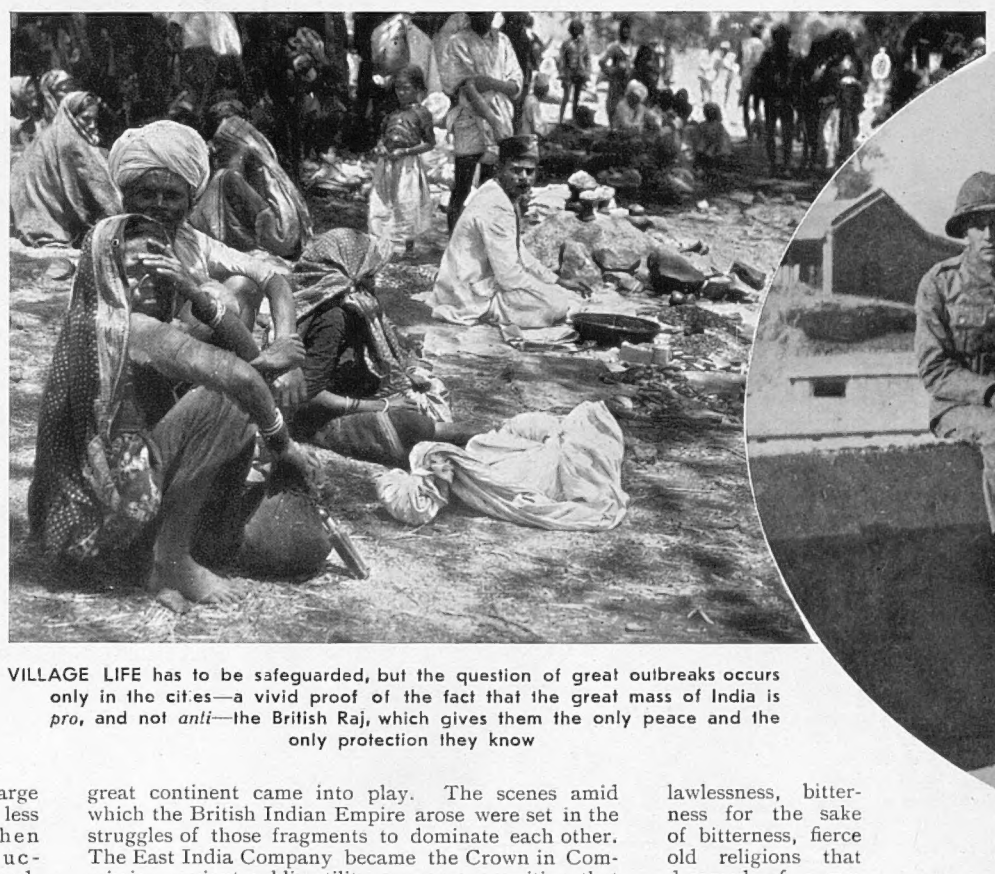
Even the most perfect of great empires, especially those that control many races and people of many religions, have had the problem of subversive movements to handle. The Emperors of India, Muhammadan since our Plantagenet days, who held sway from Delhi, Turk or Slav, Mogul or Afghan, have always been at war to expand or to maintain. In earlier Hindu days, Rajput kingdoms fought one with another to their mutual undoing, rarely and only for short periods appearing outwardly even as one. When Islam crossed the Indus, conquest came largely owing to the disunity of the Hindus.

When in the fulness of time the last Delhi Empire tottered and crashed into one of the greatest ruins the world has ever known, the fissiparous tendency of the great continent came into play. The scenes amid which the British Indian Empire arose were set in the struggles of those fragments to dominate each other. The East India Company became the Crown in Commission, a giant public utility company, a position that no one had planned or even dreamt of for the first century and a half of its existence. When the larger portion of India acknowledged its direct governance or its protective and friendly alliances, many wars of resistance had come and gone. There were always possibilities of local risings, and the still-maintained armies of the Allied States were in themselves a considerable danger, as they proved on more than one occasion, notably ninety years ago, when internal squabbles produced a situation resulting in the two hard-fought fields of Maharajpore and Punniar, where the last Mahratta-led army crashed without its own chief at its head.

For long years the maintenance of law and order in India also meant the circumvention of internal disruptive tendencies, and several of the great cantonments in India owe their siting to the need for protecting allies against powerful neighbours or for dominating those neighbours should they depart from their immediately peaceful attitude. That is to say, due consideration to strategy had been given in the past. When irresistible fate continued to bring back into our hands the territories which had broken away from Mogul dominion, and Sind and the Punjab fell to us despite attempts to avoid it, strategical aspects changed. The protection of India, from outside as well as in, became an insistent problem. While we were in the way of a logical solution our principal instrument came to pieces in our hand: the great Bengal Army, which had chiefly been concerned in recent events, blew up. For many years the protection of India from a second such happening was the principal problem. It is always to be remembered that three-fourths of India hastened to help us restore the British peace and break the mutineers and associate rebels. Since this great catastrophe the problem of external defence has become more acute, while the armies of the internal feudatories have greatly fallen away and been woven into the subsidiary forces of the Empire, consequently the problem of law and order has been the subject of constant survey amid the changing times.

So much for the past and its perspective. The modern study began with the despatch to India of the brilliant, highly-trained Colonel George Pomeroy Colley, whose bright star of strategy was extinguished in the Empire dog-fight on Majuba Hill. From his time onwards the subject of defence combined with interior troubles, those troubles that have never been absent from India for twice a thousand years, continued with Lord Kitchener as the final pre-War exponent.

It was always considered, and indeed is now, that real danger to peace and prosperity of internal India could only come when India's best British and Indian troops were involved in serious war on and across our frontiers. During the great frontier wars of 1897–98, during the Afghan Wars of 1878–80, the hydra-headed dragon of internal trouble raised its hoary head. Lawlessness for the sake of lawlessness, bitterness for the sake of bitterness, fierce old religions that dreamed of power temporal as well as power spiritual, all raised their heads. During the World War, the same leaven, hatred by the traders and peaceful peasantry, was at work. The secret story of India during that war has been revealed to some extent in Sir Michael O'Dwyer's book of reminiscences. Strange reading it is, worthy of constant perusal by those who should know of such things.



VILLAGE LIFE has to be safeguarded, but the question of great outbreaks occurs only in the cities—a vivid proof of the fact that the great mass of India is *pro*, and not *anti*—the British Raj, which gives them the only peace and the only protection they know

THE FIRM FOUNDATION OF THE police forces—admirable a

The policies of law and order and internal defence are dealt with in their major premises and principles by the Home Department, in conjunction with the Foreign Department, which is concerned with the territories of the princes, and by the General Staff of the Army, who have a special section always studying the problem. There exists in India the finest department of Secret Intelligence probably that the world knows. In its ordinary course of activity it often gets hold of other people's flashes of lightning by the tail. There are a good many European Chancelleries who owe it a very distinct gratitude for valuable information imparted in the way of casual friendliness. Its command of the world's cipher system has often been uncanny. For long it flourished unobtrusively as the Department for the Suppression of Thuggee and Dacoity, long after the first horror had been suppressed.

The General Staff work under the assumption of the worst case. They divide the military resources into the field army and the troops essential

the LAW in INDIA

—the Only Peace India has Ever Known—in Plain and in An Account of the Machinery of Control

GEORGE MacMUNN

as a minimum to support the civil power. The two are not confused, and as a matter of economy the units both British and Indian, for the time being in the latter category, are not so expensively equipped with all the gadgets and equipments of modern war. While the Congress has been vapouring and planning its republican revolutionary committees, far more competing heads have been elaborating the *riposte*, and at the present moment India being free from outside troubles the whole of the troops allotted to exterior defence, as well as those for the support of law and order, both European and Indian, are at their places and available. Thus if field army troops are more conveniently situated to meet unrest, they can be used, and it is only when the field army is away that the defence troops, regular and auxiliary, are moved to their emergent stations.

But the maintenance of law and order, until it becomes a matter of rebellion, is primarily in the hands of the provincial governments. The police force of India dates from Sir Charles Napier's conquest of Sind, when he modelled the first police force in Sind on the new "Peelers," which Sir Robert Peel had organized in England. This Indian constabulary is divided into two portions, ordinary police and the armed reserve. The latter reaches perhaps its highest state in the military police of Burma, but all over India is an efficient, well-disciplined force, very essential not only for suppressing the favourite India pastime of dacoity (robbery under arms), but for the duties which in earlier days so harassed the army, viz., escorts to marching treasure, guards over treasuries, and the escorting of dangerous prisoners.

The police of India, long reformed from ways to which an evil odour still at times unfairly clings, is an admirable force, and with its armed reserves thoroughly efficient and mobile. Its officer cadre, both European and Indian, is a very fine one, and it has shown its courage and spirit in all the troublous and vexatious happenings of the last ten years, and of the war time subversive movement.

The local military staff in each command and district are always in close touch with the civil governments and the local officials. Such problems always take certain forms, first, the less likely one of disaffection among the troops and the protection of all Christian peoples, more especially the people of mixed parentage now known as Anglo-Indians, and the converts. It takes the form also of tackling local trouble among wilder people such as Bhils, Ghonds, and the like. These races outside the ordinary warp and weft of India, often living in jungles and hills still accessible with difficulty, are always liable to outbursts of excitement, usually consequent on agrarian difficulties, giving a soil in which the mischief-maker may hold high revel. In the past this has occurred in the Sonthal hills near the lower Ganges. Since the days of a disturbance in 1857 which almost became a war, missionary activities aided by the State have produced a peace and contentment in this area almost unimaginable. The latest example of local trouble that became a war was the Moplah rebellion of the early twenties of this century, a rebellion based on general sedition-mongering, aided by a wave of Moslem fanaticism. It produced a wholesale slaughter of Hindus before troops could get control.

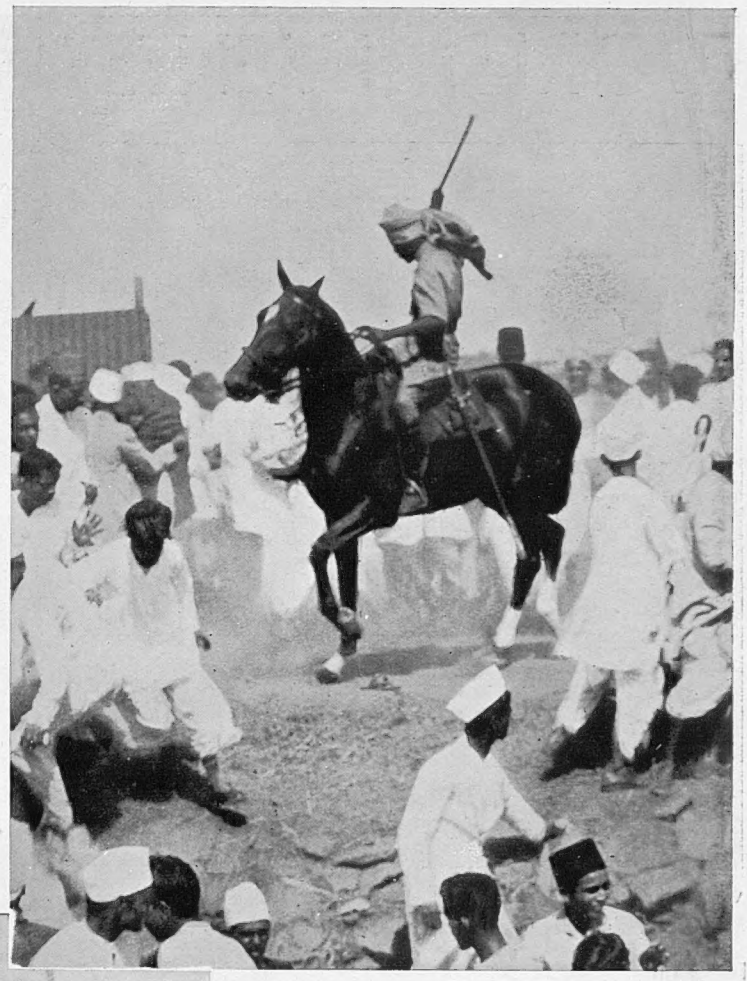
A very typical example of this sort of trouble occurred recently in the wild aboriginal hills between the more settled portions of the Madras Presidency and the Bay of Bengal. Terrorized by outlaws and stirred by seditionist agents, the tribes broke out into serious rebellion. Provincial governments are always loath to admit that matters within their jurisdiction have passed beyond their control. These troubles were allowed to get intense, and large bodies of armed police struggled manfully with a situation that was beyond them, Government losing much prestige through prolonged defiance and the failure of those in authority to represent the extent of the mischief. As in Burma this past year, a delay in sending for troops in times of danger, and in trying to work with armed police alone, produces serious consequences.

The above, however, is typical of the occasions in which the maintenance of internal law and order becomes a matter for troops.

It is to be seen, therefore, that the machinery for preserving order and tackling movements that are practically rebellion are in themselves tolerably complete if not always made use of. They all rest on one great thesis, that the Indian Army is itself staunch and loyal. Through all the unnecessary troubles of the last few years, it has, to its great credit and that of its officers who have helped it avoid contamination, remained staunch, enthusiastic, and hearty.

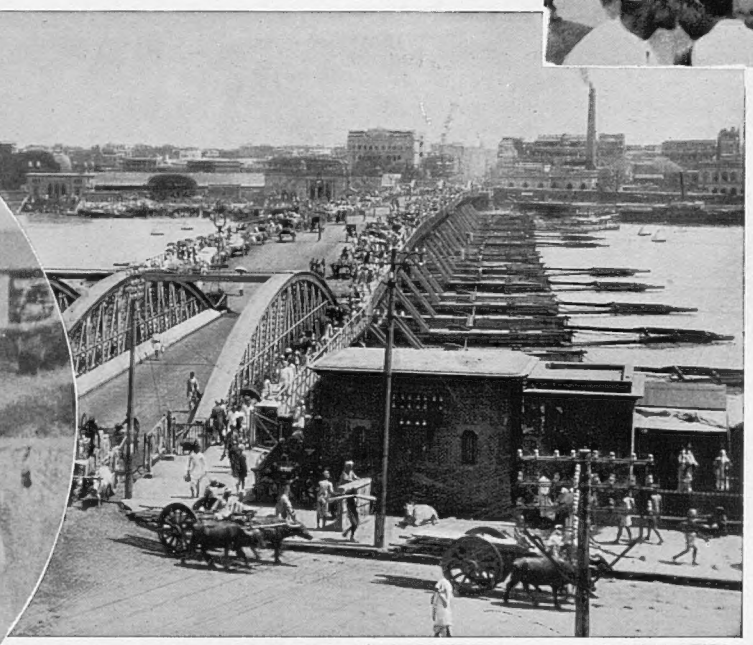
The implacable conspirators themselves are fully aware of this, and part of their intensive campaign in Europe aimed at manœuvring the Indian Army into such a position that the British should lose control over it and that politics could be brought to its ranks. Not content with this, they have carried on ceaseless attempts to get at the men, both in their lines and by endeavouring to bully their families in their homes.

Among the portions of India most susceptible to disorder, were a really disruptive condition to set in, is Malwa, that great tumbled area of mountains and jungles in Central India, the ideal Alsatia if ever there was one, and the home of many separate feudatories. It is here that the Pindaris, that hereditary nest of broken soldiery and masterless men, existed, and for a hundred years prior to 1818 tore Central India and Mahrathaland to pieces. Racial and geographical possibilities are here as they always have been, an Alsatia *in posse*.



THE UPRAISED ARM OF THE LAW: A native mounted policeman with upraised baton routs a crowd which, before his arrival, seemed ripe for mischief, but on his arrival ran for its life

THE BRITISH RAJ is, despite all native they are—the British Tommy



Ewing Galloway

CITY LIFE is fraught with Governmental difficulty: the lawless, self-styled "patriotic" mob is ever ready to create a riot on the least provocation; and it is here that the vocal element—an infinitesimal minority—finds its greatest expression

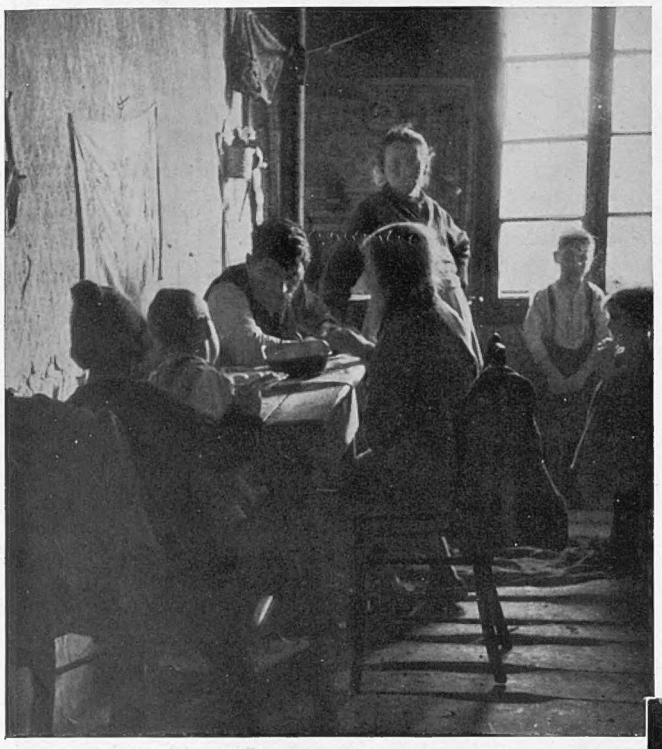
Apart from the greater problems of disruption, were there any hope for the Congress Republic to get a footing, there is always a question which is prominently before authority, and that is "places of refuge." If you turn inside the church of old James Skinner, just within the Kashmir Gate at Delhi, you will see a remarkable tablet. It is the memorial to a Eurasian family, to use the old name—a vast family extending unto the third and fourth generation, grandparents, children, their children's neices, relatives and great grandchildren, who, with the old original couple, were to the number of several-and-twenty all massacred on the terrible morning of May 11, 1857, when the butchers of the bazaars and the myrmidons of the palace, destroyed every Christian soul they could lay hands on without mercy and without exception.

For such reasons the Anglo-Indian, or half-bred society of to-day, which often has to live cheek by jowl with some of the less controllable quarters of the cities, is always jealous of the arrangements for its safety. For them, for the peaceable folk generally, and for the convert class, special arrangements have since the tragedies of '57 had to be considered. To some extent the Anglo-Indian community is over-anxious in such matters, and can hardly be blamed for it, especially since at times their future stake in India is dismissed without due regard.

One point is worthy of consideration in the present situation. What safeguards will allow a Viceroy to take the same step as now when partial responsibility at the centre is introduced, and would the suppression of the would-be Republic be as easy when there is provincial autonomy, if law and order be in the hands of a minister, own brother to a congress leader.

TYPES OF THE INDIAN ARMY: Two Sikhs—members of a famous fighting race

WORLD EVENTS

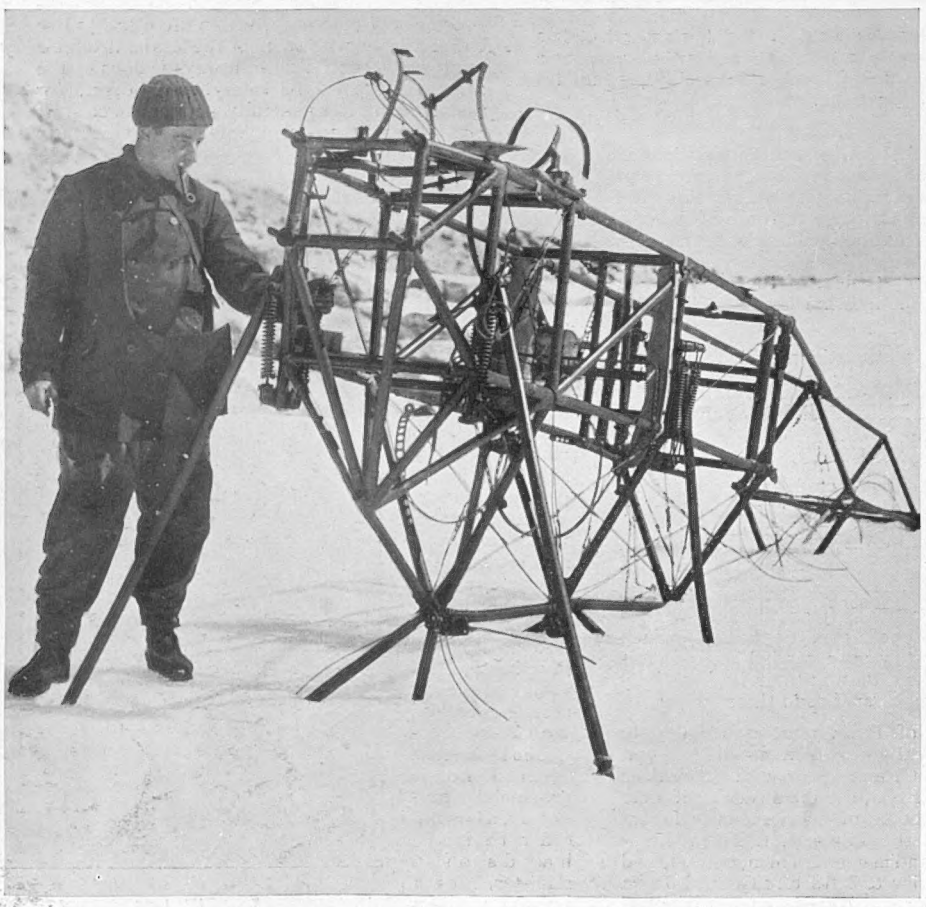


VICTIMS OF THE CRISIS: A typically wretched family in Steyr, the Austrian town that has gone bankrupt owing both to the world crisis and the closing of the great local motor works

MOURNING FOR M. MAGINOT: Members of the family of the late French Minister for War in the space reserved for them during the public funeral accorded to him as both statesman and War hero. Three Marshals of France escorted his coffin, and almost all official France was present

THE LAST JOURNEY: The funeral *cortège* of M. André Maginot, the distinguished hero of the War and the notable War Minister, leaves the courtyard of the Ministry over which he presided in life. The bier is surrounded by three Marshals of France—Pétain, Lyautey, Franchet d'Espérey—and General Weygand

MUKDEN STILL AMUSES ITSELF: A composite picture at the racecourse which was frequented even during the more acute stages of the Sino-Japanese conflict. The fashions displayed witness to the Europeanization of the land



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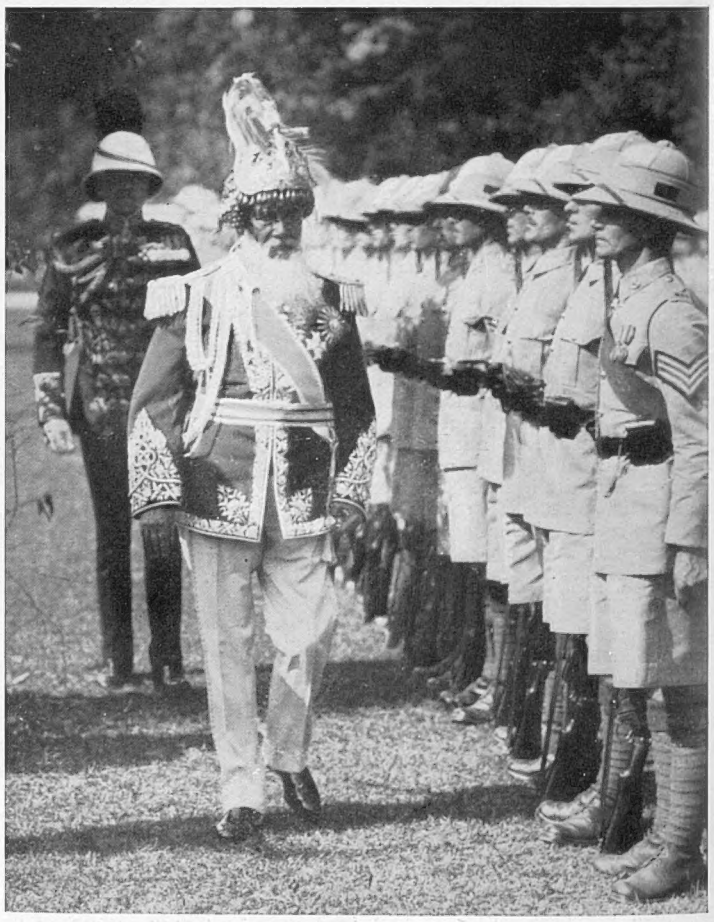
THE FIRST ANTARCTIC AEROPLANE: The skeleton of the first machine to be landed on the arid shores of Antarctica has defied all the blizzards of Adelie Land. It was used in 1911 by Sir Douglas Mawson, whose latest expedition sends back this picture



THE PREMIER OF NEPAL (who exerts great temporal power, as the King is largely a spiritual ruler) is visiting Calcutta and is seen above inspecting the guard of honour of the 2nd Bn. Durham Light Infantry

HAPPENINGS IN LONDON and the Suburbs

THE CHILDREN'S COURT: Christ Church, Richmond, has inaugurated a court of justice which sits on cases of bad behaviour—giggling or ragging—in church. Black marks are awarded by the children judges on conviction

PERIPATETIC SHOPS: A new use for old motor-buses has been found—converting them into shops on wheels. They have made their appearance on private property in Forest Hill, S.E., but have not been welcomed

THE TENNIS TEST TEAM: H. G. N. Lee, Eileen Bennett Fearnley-Whittingstall, H. K. Lester, Betty Nuthall, and G. P. Hughes, who, with F. J. Perry (fresh from his recent triumphs on the Continent), form the team to tour the West Indies

CUP OF TEA ON A FLOATING HOME: Captain Thorley, the canal boat mission worker, gave a party on the floating school at West Drayton, to which fifty pupils were invited and given tea aboard

THE CIRCUS SCHOOL: Child performers at Olympia, and the children of performers, attend an L.C.C. class held in a dressing-room just behind the ring. Children of all nationalities attend this class, conducted by an accredited L.C.C. schoolmaster

OLD STARS AT THE VICTORIA PALACE: The group of old-time variety artists invited from the Variety Artists' Benevolent Institution of Staines, by Mr. Pierre Cohen. Many of the artists used to appear at the music-hall when it was the Standard

CUTTING THE BADDELEY CAKE: The annual traditional event at Drury Lane, dating back to 1796, was held on Twelfth Night. Miss Mary Clare and Mr. C. M. Lowne are here seen cutting the cake

THE GONG: *A modern allegory showing Satan in the rôle of a Ballyhoo merchant, beating a gong wrought in the form of a golden coin to draw humanity gladly to destruction — a fit emblem for the underworld. The canvas is by the Hungarian painter, Almos Jaschik*

UNEMPLOYMENT IN

They nearly all had the same story to tell—nothing doing, *but nothing* in their line of affairs. The select and spending company upon which they had battened for so long, where was it? Hardly a vestige left. How they regretted, in dismal chorus, the good old days when humanity was as lavish and open-handed as it was frail and reckless. The chances they had thrown away, ever anticipating better, more attractive "cases"! It was very distressing to think of all that now. Young X., less balanced than others and unable to come by his favourite drug "H" (heroin), went about from day to day growing ever more depressed, defeated. His last francs were trickling out in the cheap and musty little restaurants in Nice old town. Nor was there the slightest chance of his borrowing. There was honour among gigolos and a praiseworthy readiness to help less fortunate brethren; but how could that be done these times, when one hardly had a thing for oneself? So X. took a resolve. He would die amid that *folie de la richesse* he had always known. (How often had he pressed close to pearls and diamonds, and then gone back to relative squalor!) He went to the "Perroquet," and without a penny ordered regardless of cost. He invited three girls of the place to supper. The champagne was stacked about him. At 2 a.m. he already owed over £12. He then withdrew—and there followed the death of a gigolo!

THE HAUNT OF THE GIGOLO: *This scene from* Ever Green *typifies the locality in which the smart world of gigolos and confidence-men — all the types who are now feeling acutely the draught caused by the Crisis—lived and moved and had their being*

JANUARY, 1932.

Early the other morning they were dancing in a night place called the "Perroquet," facing the tropical gardens in Nice, when a report rang out. Not in the room, but muffled, off stage—in fact, some said, "a backfire." And the dance continued. But then it dawned from the whispering of waiters, their affrighted look, from a darting exit and re-entry, that it hadn't been a backfire, that the infernal automatic had once again "spoken." Very soon the arrival of the gendarmes was conclusive. And as women, especially, do not like to go on dancing after a suicide, the night dissolved early.

What had happened? As one lingered for one's coat, in the suppressed excitement, it was possible to deduce the broad circumstances. (Later, the morning paper went into detail.) What had happened was one more suicide in the underworld through lack of work. The victim, responding to the description of professional dancer, belonged essentially to that nomadic community which for years past has followed the gay cosmopolitan world from the Riviera to Aix, Aix to Vichy, Vichy to Deauville or Le Touquet, Touquet to Biarritz or La Baule, with intermittent descents upon Paris, such as during the Grande Semaine or at Easter. It is an entirely special world, with its own habits, code, morals—or rather, has been one, for now it also is dissolving, as did the dancers of the "Perroquet."

This young man had chosen to die in the setting he knew best—jazz. There are those of his kind who prefer to creep away, canine-like, into their fourth-floor backs. This conquered gigolo, beaten by *la crise*, by Wall Street if one go back to bed-rock, chose to be spectacular to the end. He had arrived on the Riviera, in the ordinary way of business, some days before, and gone the usual round looking for a job. But the few night places that were open had no vacancy for his services. By day he would come together with his equally out-of-work friends at Cannes, Nice, or Monte Carlo, and along the coast.

THE PATRONESS OF THE GIGOLO: *A viciously satirical caricature by Guillaume of the "young" old woman who created the demand for the "dancing partner"*

About the same time Paris was resounding to the crime of Guy Davin and to the guillotining of Georges Gauchet. In each case the same symptoms were present. Young men, of good family, unable any longer to come by the easy money they had grown accustomed to collecting occultly in the night world of Montmartre, deciding to commit crimes of murder and robbery. And in each case also—drugs. Both were more or less dithering when not under the powerful influence of "H." Davin, who killed the American, Wall, showed all the signs of complete lack of reasoning commonly associated with addicts. His victim gave him 300 dollars to change. Davin changed this, handed the francs over to Wall, then murdered the latter in order to take the money back again! Why the initial making over of the francs no one can explain—least of all Davin. Another ex-gigolo of good family, Serge de Lenz, is charged with removing a safe containing 500,000 francs worth of valuables from a château at Dieppe, hard by the scene of some of Arsène Lupin's fictional exploits; while a fourth youth, also of education, murderously shot at two fellow passengers in a 1st class compartment in order to rob them and "live his life." And then almost the next day there occurred the shooting in the Avenue Wagram, Paris. Once again a professional dancer was involved. He wanted an older woman admirer to take him back these grey times. She declined. He opened fire and killed her, at the same time wounding a second woman at the table and who had previously refused to marry him. The quintette of cases serves to focus attention on the rather alarming dislocation which is occurring in the Continental underworld for lack of human material upon which to play. They are even starting murdering each other, in this underworld, for such slender gain as it may bring. Cannibalism!

Confidence men, dope peddlars, touts and "guides" of all descriptions, jazz-banders, barmen, dancers and gigolos, cat burglars, blackmailers, bullies, procurers, cardsharpers, effeminates, gamblers, doubtful musicians and waiters, crooks, train thieves, the whole amazingly assorted collection of seasonal hangers-on, as these have developed and matured since the war, are currently up against it; and with what attendant consequences for other people, it yet remains to be seen.

This special world, the like of which has never been seen before, both for numbers and ingenuity, sprang directly from post-War folly and hectic living on the part of thousands, chiefly citizens of the victorious lands. It was the old story of demand and supply. Here were the victors, led by America, demanding only to be allowed to spend. Fabulous tales began to circulate of how money could be picked up for the asking at the expensive resorts. These stories were approved, if not sponsored, by the various managements, being in the way of advertisement. It seemed as if such places as Deauville and Cannes were alive with millionaires. Progressively, young men—and women—threw up jobs in order to try their luck on the fringe of this new and startling international world of frolic, duly "featured" on the screen and in detective literature. Some never took work at all but plunged directly into the whirl. They were not only French, but from half-a-dozen lands, notably Italy, the United States, South America, the Levant, Spain. There were never many British or Central Europeans or Scandinavians of the heterogeneous company in which the French element naturally predominated, France providing the terrain for the junketing. At one time it was even the practice for scions of the Paris underworld to meet incoming Atlantic liners at Cherbourg in order to be "first in on" likely cases as these came literally down the gangway. That was in 1922–4. I recollect a personal experience in the former year. It was the Christmas crossing—always a likely occasion—and sure enough I had not been in the restaurant car five minutes before I was being sounded by a young gentleman who had taken the seat opposite and who had not been on the boat. I was then conducting the *New York World* from Paris and I had an idea. Why not put myself in this gentleman's hands for one night and then write all about it . . . first steps of the unwary? I duly did so—at some slight cost to the paper—and remember how annoying it was to have to (*a*) pretend one didn't know Paris, (*b*) speak with a worse French accent than one actually possessed.

At the present time there appears to be one *boîte-de-nuit* in the whole of Montmartre—"Florence"—which is attracting custom, so that one can understand the standstill to which things have come in circles "worked" by my cicerone of nine years ago. Unquestionably the worst blow has been the wholesale American defection. Americans, both men and women,

THE UNDERWORLD

By "The Sphere's" Special Commissioner,
FERDINAND TUOHY

were ever the best clients of the underworld, and for three reasons: they wanted to do things so quickly, they didn't know the language, and they were well decided to throw off the shackles of prohibition. To which might be added a familiar "welcome stranger" tendency which the underworld was swift to profit by. Come straight from the land of gangsters, these tourists passed freely into the hands of Al Capone's opposite numbers over here. Not that they suffered violence: merely a deplorable and incessant loss of their worldly wealth or belongings or both, and which the police were seldom able to redeem and return. The underworld parasites worked in gangs, splitting up the proceeds. A not uncommon sight in those days was that of a group in a dark corner of a café, speaking in undertones; time, around 3 p.m.

They were reporting progress on the night before, their gang leader keeping up the books. That was Paris, but it might just as well have been half-a-dozen other places, for the underworld was in clover generally. Pretty nearly a round million "Anglo-Saxons" alone were wont to cross the Channel or Atlantic annually for many years. If half of one per cent. fell to the underworld, to-day so grievously unemployed that it is trying, in parts, to become respectable, then the going was good — fine! This tiny, miniscule proportion wanted cocaine, or illicit gambling, or handsome dancers, or refined guides to the "bas fonds"; they were lucky not to get also blackmailers, crooks, hotel thieves, jewel snatchers. No one will ever have an inkling of the grand sum paid out by women to stars of the underworld. It is possible that most money passed in this manner. The game was to keep calling again and again at the unfortunate woman's hotel while, as likely as not, she was cabling frantically for funds.

Shades of the past! *Adieu à tout cela!*

Come now, and see these same heroes. This is their period in the sunshine of the South—until March, when they go North for the Spring season in Paris, with raids on Le Touquet and Deauville; and so to Aix or Vichy, and the Basque Coast in September. So the round went on year after year, the strange company of men and women nearly all knowing one another, having their own cafés, hotels, restaurants, their own shops and places where they could be sure of credit. Of course, included in their ranks were honest workers. The much-criticized gigolo, for example. Perhaps the best account of one ever written is in *L'Homme à l'Hispaño*. The complete and now nearly defunct gigolo had to be a highly practised person, aside from being the possessor of a tireless physique. He had to be ever on the look out to please, to anticipate his ageing client's fads and fancies.

And on occasion things were not simplified, but rather the reverse, if clients were attractive and not old. This forms the subject matter of Pierre Frondaie's book—which, by the way, made an excellent film. The scene is Biarritz, and the gigolo goes through all the mental strain, perhaps torture, of having to submit to a husband's contemptuous orderings, when that person's wife is silently loved and loves in silent return —loves this professional dancer who chooses death in the end in preference to dishonour.

Sometimes it is decreed that our gigolo friend is tender to one of his kind, a girl of the cabarets, when he has perforce to tread on that passion entirely lest it interfere with the grim business of pleasing other women to order.

Not so pleasant an occupation! One sympathizes with him more than with the confidence-men ("showing confidence in one another in order to keep their hands in") or the "hotel rats" who excelled themselves in the boom years of 1928–9 by penetrating bedrooms and firing noiseless pistols which sprayed the sleepers with fumes calculated to retain them in slumberland.

Take a stroll down a famous sun-drenched promenade at noon, and you see them standing idly about. One recognises some from past years. They are rapidly being supplemented by a small army of out-of-work hotel employees—waiters, porters, chasseurs, musicians, and not a few of whom look like qualifying to the already overcrowded underworld if they continue much longer without work.

Here is a dancer I last saw at Vichy in 1930. I invite him to a porto, in the sun.

"It is the *marasme*," he says in his French-English. "Complete. You read about the Perroquet? Eh bien, there will be others like him before long! Some of them are over every day trying systems at roulette with their last francs. But that is foolish. This cannot last for ever. Meanwhile, is it not wise to take what work one can? Lots of them won't. They have lived too finely. I start in two days as a reception clerk, with just my keep. I have appearance, that is why. And an assurance. Who knows I shall meet somebody, yes?"

We agreed to lunch in the old town. I wanted to meet some of his companions in distress.

"The worst is," he explained on the way, "we have our little friends and they can't get work either. There is no request for them. No request, not of any kind. We are pawning all the time. Look—my rings, cigarette case, wrist-watch. But not yet my smoking! They—the little women—have no longer the furs, the necklaces. And it is almost impossible to squeeze into the Mont de Piété . . . and the atmosphere! Ah, *que voulez-vous! C'est la* . . .

"C'est l'après-guerre."

"Vous avez raison."

"Do the police worry you?" I was curious.

"Yes and no. They have us all listed, of course. I, as dancer, am left alone, never having been in trouble. But the others, they are asked all the time what they are doing, how they are living. It is not amusing, I can assure you, always to be on the defensive with the flics! How it will end, I should like to know. The first would be to send away all the foreigners, all who are not French. The Italians have made the speciality of *la coco* and "H." The Americans have been the—how you say—crooks. The South Americans and Spaniards have been the living-on-women. That is, principally, for of course there have been French, too. And Britannics, I have known them as confidence gentlemen, but not many. That game I have never understood. One must be daft to give people a fortune to hold. But here we have arrived."

It was hardly a good day for my purpose. Two girls only were lunching, and my companion was quick to say, "Take care. They are police pigeons." So we set about a modest meal of *salade niçois*, followed by inevitable *canellonis* and *vin rosé en carafe*, the whole coming to nine francs for the two —the cheapest thing I have had in France this side of September.

But I have mentioned how these people know the small places for value. Two separate lives they have long lived—the one in a setting of midnight *foie gras* and extra dry; the other in such places as this—in malodorous old Nice. At the coffee-with-infusion, three friends of my companion arrived and invited me to the races. "Do not waste your time," they were advised before I had time to reply, "He is not a pear." And thereafter the table-talk became entirely racing. The three racegoers seemed to have somewhat less than six shillings between them, but they discussed form as if they had been bound for Longchamps with wads of notes. Always this special world was prepared to bet, as it was ready to do a deal of any kind, relating to every and any blessed thing.

If you said you wanted a chimpanzee (and weirder things have been wanted in the past) they would guarantee to get it. That was called "making the combine." They had tentacles out in all directions, knew where to go, whom to approach in most conceivable circumstances. Talent all wasted now! Silent are the bars and dancings where such combines were wont to be debated. This company which lived so long by its wits is faced with enforced disbandment, its *raison d'être* having ceased. Gone the boobies, the excess fiends, the young-old women, the hordes of American girls doing Europe, the fair game for tricksters (always talking about their wealth), the lavishly spending perverts and drug-takers, the self-advertising people who wanted to be taken round the spectacular places and were ready to pay in return, the crook with money to burn (the quicker, the better), the silly old men wanting to be young, *é patati é patata*. There isn't any money for that sort of thing now.

One expects during ensuing months to see this unemployed underworld gradually thin out and disintegrate further. It is really only now, on the Riviera, that it has received its first jolt. Nor do I believe that the true situation is yet appreciated by more than a few. The majority talk about the "hitch" in night life, and its attendant trappings, as if a return to the post-War normal lay just ahead. My friend from Vichy is one of the sensible ones—he told me, by the way, that others of his kidney were looking up old and possibly even faded letters which had contained offers of roofs, and even of marriage, in the rosy past. Gigolos going to work, gigolos getting married! Shall wonders ever cease? Alas! though, some of our company will assuredly mount the guillotine, for they simply *will* carry automatics in their hip pockets. One would like to go round under armed escort, removing the things. Others should eventually find their way to the penal settlement in French Central America. Some, again, are thinking—despite all they have heard —of the Foreign Legion, where no questions are asked.

The nucleus of the cosmopolitan underworld will doubtless remain, but only a nucleus. Such as crowded on to the fringe in latter years, and they must run into thousands one way or the other, chiefly young people under thirty, will have to think of some new way of carrying on, faced by a growing dearth of clients. These latter rarities are now pounced upon hawk-like and manœuvred, "worked," with an infinity of skill and patience. But they are too few and far between to make the game worth while any longer.

Meanwhile, it has been waggishly suggested that a special dole should be forthcoming for underworld casualties, on the lines of an insurance against potential anti-social acts; since, of necessity, employers are going to think twice before offering jobs to people who are only able to indicate in the haziest manner what they've been doing for a living in past years.

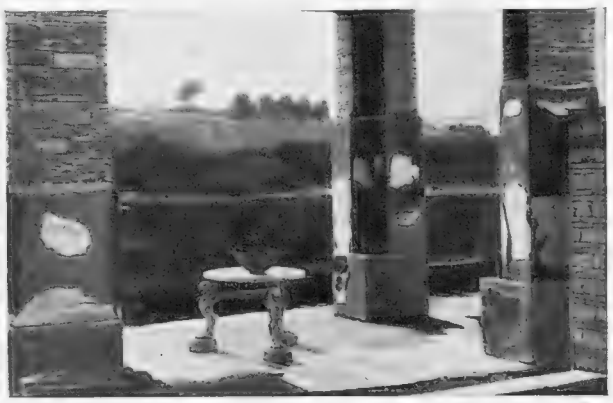
Sasha

SOME TURN RESPECTABLE, SOME ENDURE IN THEIR FASHION TO THE END—
Such is the epitaph of the gigolos who, owing to the dearth of funds among their patrons, are marrying, taking humdrum jobs—or committing suicide

FLOTSAM NO LONGER FLOATING ON THE SEA OF PLEASURE: *A type that has lost its* raison d'être, *painted by the Franco-Polish artist, Tamara de Lempicka*

VICTIMS OF VESUVIUS RESTORED: A recently renovated house in the southern portion of the city of Herculaneum. The roofs have been restored together with portions of the wall. Excavation work has been making good progress of late, and, considering that Herculaneum is covered by Resina the achievements in unearthing the Roman town are doubly meritorious

THE COLUMNED GALLERY in the Casa Sannitica, one of the finest dwellings in Herculaneum. In 79 A.D. it was overwhelmed by Vesuvius, and has been a victim of later eruptions



THE PERGOLA of a recently excavated house. It is decorated with a beautiful marble table. Herculaneum was buried in mud and ashes

THE ART OF MOSAIC: The pavement of the ladies' bath in the centre of the city shows a triton surrounded with marine fauna of fantastic design

BROUGHT TO LIGHT: A street of Herculaneum recently excavated. The city, until comparatively recently, was buried to a depth of from 70 to 112 ft. in ashes, lava, and mud—the accumulated debris of centuries, and of many successive eruptions of Vesuvius from 79 A.D. to the present day

THE ASHES from Herculaneum

Work on the present scheme of excavation at Herculaneum has been progressing steadily, and much that will interest the visitor and historian has been revealed. It was hoped that the work on the present scheme would have been completed last year, but that has not been possible, and work is still continuing. The task of excavating through the lava, ashes, and mud with which the city was covered is difficult enough, but the fact that part of the site is covered by the modern town of Resina adds to the difficulties and makes for delay. Much of the recent work has been around a sloping road of a similar character to the Via Marina at Pompeii. The ground here descends gently to the sea level, and it is presumed that this was not such a well-to-do portion of the city as that lying on a higher level. Work has also been proceeding around this richer and more important section of the town, with its forum and other public buildings. Two areas which were left isolated by surrounding excavations have now been uncovered. One of the most remarkable sights for the visitor will be the great stone sea wall which protected the marine face of the city. This structure is very finely built of solid masonry with an overhanging upper course to throw back the force of the waves. Part of the upper portion of this structure is shown in the uppermost view given here. It was surmounted by a further protection of squared stones, some of which still stand.

The present policy which the excavators are following is one which seeks to preserve the house or street just as it is found after excavation and some necessary restoration has been made. Mosaics and frescoes are no longer removed to the Museum at Naples. They are carefully preserved *in situ* so that a visitor can now walk along the streets of Herculaneum and penetrate several villas equipped with all or nearly all their original *décor*, which will give him a very much better idea of what this Roman seaside resort looked like in the days of its prime. The garden courts of villas have in some cases been replanted with appropriate bushes and plants, and the fragments of original paving are retained in their positions as found. One of the most beautiful of the pavements which are being retained *in situ* is that which decorates the floor of the ladies' baths, the excavation of which has been one of the most successful items in the recent programme of excavation, a realistic representation of a squid and an octopus form part of the decorative scheme. The general appearance of a Herculaneum street can be seen from the lowest picture reproduced on this page. Most of the buildings uncovered rise to the height of the ground floor storey, but in some luckier cases the upper floor has also been found largely intact and capable of restoration and reparation. Such a case is shown in one of the views given here.

Some of the walls bordering the roadways will be of special interest to visiting architects. These walls are in certain cases finely constructed of zigzag brickwork which must have produced a very pleasing appearance in its original condition. The buildings excavated are, wherever possible, being re-roofed and doorways restored. Original beams are retained in position and where it is necessary, enclosed in glass to preserve them from the action of the weather. The depth of material covering Herculaneum is usually given as from 70 to 112 feet, but this varies very much according to the part of the town which is being excavated. Much of the material immediately above the buried houses is of a friable character, and when attacked by the picks of the excavating workmen runs down to the lower levels as a kind of loose shale which is then pitched into trucks which convey it to the higher levels.

HIGH MASS IN PROVENCE

Noel Ceremonies at La Turbie

If one were to ask a man with a romantic mind where he would most like to spend a Christmas holiday I am quite sure he would reply, "Oh! in Provence." There is scarcely a more romantic spot in Europe; out of it came those originators of romance, the Troubadours; to it at some time or other during his life goes every painter who wishes to paint a beautiful landscape; and again out of it comes one of the most romantic interpretations of the greatest mystery in the Christian religion—I mean the Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve.

Romance is indigenous to the country. Though the Troubadours lasted only a short time, and though the real literary life of Provençal was killed by the war with the heretically Manichæan Albigenses; although the ancient Courts of Love, with their fine-drawn, fantastic frivolity and their high, purely mental preoccupation with love, are things of a remote past—yet so early in the fourteenth century efforts were made to revive that life; and even as late as the nineteenth century a new poetic activity began to manifest itself, through Jacquot Jansemin and, after him, Roumanille, the founder of the Society of the Félibres (which has in view the preservation of the Provençal language and customs). Poetic festivals also have been introduced to aid the movement.

But apart from these purely literary associations there is the romance of the early origin of the country. In 600 B.C. Massilia (Marseilles) was founded by Phocæan colonists. As the place grew, so its struggles with the surrounding peoples became more acute until in 125 B.C. Roman help was called in. This was the first Roman entry into Gaul, the territory which they conquered being given the name Provincia Romana, hence the name Provence. By the fifth century A.D. bishoprics had been established in all the cities of Provence. The Gallican rite was the ancient and national liturgy of the Church in France until the reign of Charlemagne, who forced the Roman ritual upon all his empire.

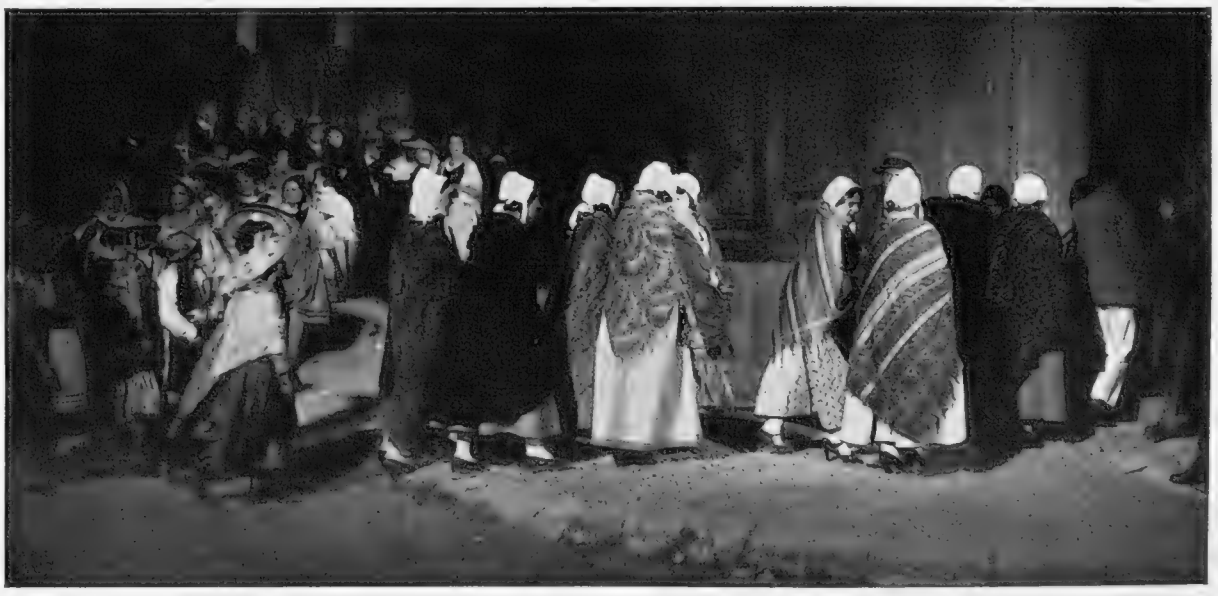
In the sixteenth century Protestantism made its appearance in Provence, but its end came shortly in 1596 with the capitulation of Marseilles. During all its struggles Provence has preserved an extraordinary individuality; even after its annexation to France by Charles VIII it preserved a separate administrative organization, and the Kings of France styled themselves also Counts of Provence—a symbol of the curiously individual nature of the territory, for by then France had become a definite and coherent whole. And this individuality shows itself in particular in the assimilation of the Roman ritual. As the Passion Play of Oberammergau is the expression of the religious feelings of a poetically-minded people, so also is the celebration of Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve by the Provençals. The poetical instinct deep in them makes their religion for them not a thing of pomp and circumstance, but an expression and integral part of their daily life and thought. Theirs is the essentially religious spirit.

The pictures on this page, taken at La Turbie, show various aspects and facets of the Sacred Pageant. All the streets are lampless, so that all may be according to the old tradition. The drummers make a circuit of the town, followed by all the people in national costume. The shepherds carry lambs to the church, the symbol of Agnus Dei, and the old religious songs of Provence are sung by the young girls at this season when the Infant Jesus was born of a virgin. The Infant is shown by the priests to the adoring faithful. The whole service in its fundamental sincerity appeals to the religious sentiment which there is latent or visible in all of us. Nowhere could one find a more poetic and truly Christian rendering of the old Christmas story.

SYMBOL OF AGNUS DEI: Shepherds bring their lambs to church to Midnight Mass at La Turbie. The street lamps are extinguished in conformity with ancient tradition, the congregation going to the church with lanterns in their hands. The villagers wear the old-style costumes hallowed by the centuries

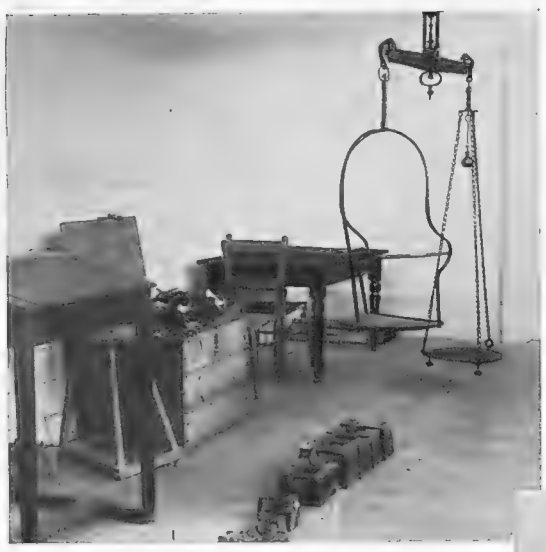
THE DISPLAY OF THE BAMBINO: The scene in the church of La Turbie when the Infant Jesus is shown to the congregation by the priest. The entire service is informed with an astonishing sincerity

DRUMMERS FOLLOWED BY VILLAGERS make their way to the church. The curiously Oriental form of the drum emits a hollow note, relieved by shrill wood-wind



THE MOST ROMANTIC CHRISTMAS SERVICE IN THE WORLD: The Provençals visit Midnight Mass at La Turbie, near Monte Carlo. The country is inherently pious; there the Counter-Reformation burned at its most intense; there the Counter-Revolution exploded at its fiercest. Provence has, since the days of the Albigenses, remained absolutely faithful to the Roman rite

WEIGHING-IN: Steve Donoghue on the scales. The weight of the jockey, fully clad, together with h s saddle and bridle, must be brought up to the required figure by leaden weights inserted in the saddle bags



THE WEIGHING-IN ROOM: This picture shows the place wherein the handicapper's rulings are translated into action at Goodwood. Every jockey riding must "weigh-in" and "weigh out"

THE RULERS *of the*

The Almost Anonymous Handicappers who Control the Great Sport with Their Methods of Assessing Speed in Terms of Weight and the

By CHAR

It is one of the most valuable if dangerous characteristics of the British nation that it takes so many things for granted, and is content with the fact that they exist, in the happy assumption that all is for the best. We took for granted that we could pay our National obligations, until one night Ramsay MacDonald sent for the editors of Fleet Street and told them that we were going off the Gold Standard next morning. We then took for granted that we were off the Gold Standard, and, though the pound had naturally descended on the International exchanges, that it would maintain its internal value, and indeed it has.

It is the same with racing. We spend infinitely more money, and place infinitely more bets, than the people of any other nation in the world. The Irish Hospitals Trust raises two million pounds, most of it in England, on a single handicap race—and yet there are not fifty people in the country who can tell you the names or the duties of the handful of men without whom racing could not continue successfully for twenty-four hours. I am not referring to the owners or the jockeys, or the trainers or the Stewards of the Jockey Club, or even the bookmakers. I am proposing to write this week about the Handicappers under licence to the Jockey Club.

They are:—

Mr. Arthur Fawcett,
Major Crocker Bulteel,
Mr. Penrhyn Hornby,
Mr. Kenneth Gibson,
Major George Wilmot,
Major G. Johnson,
Mr. Lionel Woods,
Mr. Dennis,
Colonel Finlay,
Mr. C. Wigney.

There is also Mr. E. A. Topham, who has a licence under National Hunt rules. Of the others Mr. Fawcett is the senior, and does the handicapping which Mr. Tom Dawkins used to do before his retirement last year.

Mr. Fawcett was a handicapper to the Jockey Club some years ago, and then went out to Calcutta, where he became secretary to the Calcutta Turf Club and handicapped the races there for ten years until his return to this country. Mr. Fawcett is well known for his good nature. Not so long ago one of his colleagues had to undergo an operation on his eye, and so he offered to do all his Nursery Handicaps for him until he grew better. Mr. Fawcett is of medium height and is going slightly bald. He has no mannerisms.

Major Bulteel's father was the owner of a Grand National winner, and handicaps the Epsom meetings among others. He was once very well off, but lost a great deal of money and became a handicapper. He is rather good-looking, and frequently chews a tooth-pick.

Mr. Hornby is barely 5 ft. tall, but wears a large moustache. When he meets you he always stretches his hand out to you and says loudly, "How *are* you?" He, Major Bulteel, and Mr. Fawcett are the three senior and the three oldest handicappers.

Mr. Gibson used to be a cricketer, as you can tell from his garish I Zingari tie. At first, they tell me, he used to be a little apologetic about being a handicapper—goodness knows why. To-day, hovever, he has quite grown out of this. He is rather tall and spare in build.

Major George Wilmot is the secretary of the Lingfield Park Club, and is the brother of Mr. Fred Wilmot, who at one time was owner, trainer, club-manager, handicapper, starter, judge, and clerk of the scales—in fact, everything except stake-holder, as he said himself. Mr. Fred Wilmot has given all this up except for a small string of horses and his post of clerk of the course at Lingfield and York. Major George Wilmot is pretty busy himself, for he is also a judge and a starter. He is, too, a very charming man.

I know little or nothing about Major Johnson except that he handicaps almost exclusively "over the sticks," while Mr. Dennis was originally a clerk in the service of Mr. Penrhyn Hornby, thus breaking the general rule that handicappers, unless they have been in the Army, have done no work previously.

Mr. Lionel Woods lives in Yorkshire, and is not seen very much in the South. He is on the small side, and his father was a racing man.

Colonel Finlay was a handicapper in Bombay, and has been handicapping in England for the last two years only. Mr. C. Wigney has taken the place of Mr. Rowland Leigh as handicapper to the race meetings controlled by Pratt & Company, the most important of which are Lewes, Folkestone, Alexandra Park and Gatwick. Mr. Wigney is only about thirty-five, but he is a member of the firm of Pratt & Co.

THE HANDICAPPERS' TRIUMPH: The 1918 Cambridgeshire provided one of the closest finishes ever recorded; six horses finished within less than a length—a tribute to the superb handicapping of the race

Mr. Topham handicaps nothing but the Grand National Meeting. He is bald and stout and middle-aged, and very popular at Liverpool.

These are the eleven handicappers, and it is extraordinary that bookmakers and punters alike seldom have the slightest idea who is handicapping any particular meeting. They know that Lord Ellesmere, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Harewood are Stewards of the Jockey Club. But that is all.

You might have thought that handicappers, in view of the immense sums of money they directly affect, would be paid heavily for their job, especially as it is highly technical. The truth of the matter is that none of them earns more than £1,600 a year. Payment varies according to the meeting and the kind of race. The usual arrangement is £30 for handicapping a steeplechase (however many entries, runners, and races), which works out at £15 a day for the two days.

In flat racing the usual fee is 35 guineas for two days' racing of three races per day, and five guineas extra for each extra race. Thus Ascot would be worth about a hundred guineas to the handicapper. Sandown is an exception to this, because there the payment is £1 per race, a shilling or two per entry, and five shillings a runner. This is often preferable to the usual flat fee. It would certainly be so at Lingfield, where it is not uncommon for a handicapper to have 400 horses to handicap for the two days' racing. It may go up to six or seven hundred horses to handicap, if he has to get out the list of weights for three or four meetings in time for a single issue of the *Racing Calendar*—which is published weekly and always at least ten days before any given race.

The late Major Fred Lee used to say that he was able to work out the handicap of one horse every four minutes, which is fifteen an hour. This means about forty hours' work if there are six hundred to handicap. No wonder handicappers cannot always be infallible. Usually a handicapper will realize almost before the owner or trainer that he has made a mistake. When this occurs, his usual procedure is to write to the owner and send him, with apologies, a cheque for two guineas, this being the amount of the entrance fee, so to speak, which the trainer will already have paid. Usually the owner sends it back, though not always. This of course is when the handicapper has unintentionally handicapped a horse right out of the race.

Occasionally the opposite occurs. Thus the late Lord Wilton had a horse running in a race which was handicapped a stone too little. The harassed handicapper thereupon wrote to him immediately and asked him if he would withdraw his horse from the race, in view of the mistake. Lord Wilton did so immediately.

Perhaps the best story concerning a mistake, or an alleged mistake, on the part of a handicapper occurred some years ago over a horse called Poisoned Arrow which was due to run at Liverpool. The owner, against the advice of Gooch, his trainer, lodged a formal protest with the Stewards. However, he ran the horse, and it won in a common canter. Lord Derby, as the senior steward, at once sent for Gooch, who, however, had left by train just after the race. Poor fellow, he did not want to be embroiled. However, he was located thirty miles away, and brought back and fined no less than £50.

The famous Admiral Rous, who handicapped every horse in the country eighty years ago, and after whom the Rous Memorial Stakes at Ascot are named, needed no Stewards of the Jockey Club to protect him from indignant owners. On one occasion an owner came up to him angrily and said, "You have not given my horse a ghost of a chance." "Quite true," replied the gallant Admiral, "and what is more, I did not intend to."

Admiral Rous it was who revised in 1873 his rules about weights and handicapping which are still the basis of modern handicapping. His theory was that 3 lb. avoirdupois was equivalent to a length; that a head equals a pound and a neck about the same; and that, reckoning by time, a pound equals one-fifteenth of a second. Modern handicappers have different views. Most of them, though, consider that a length in a five furlong race is equivalent to an

Mr ARTHUR FAWCETT, who has had experience of handicapping in India as well as in England

Mr. PENRHYN HORNBY, who is one of the three senior and three oldest handicappers

Mr. TOM DAWKINS, who last year retired from the arduous task of handicapping

SPORT *of* KINGS

of Racing — the "Sea-Green Incorruptibles" of the Turf — Together Intimate Details of Their Profession and Their Personalities are Revealed

ES GRAVES

allowance of 5 lb., though 4½ lb. is nearer the mark. A length in a mile race they consider to be about 3 lb., but others think this is too much. In a long distance race a single pound may be equal to a whole length when the first three are fighting it out.

But how do you become a handicapper? The answer is that you apply to the Stewards of the Jockey Club for a licence. If, after a lengthy and exhaustive inquiry into your antecedents and experience of racing, they decide that you are a suitable person, they issue a kind of dog licence which says in effect: "The licence to handicap for the year 1932 has been granted to Timothy Turf (or whatever your name is) by the Stewards of the Jockey Club."

Needless to say, you may be the most sea-green incorruptible and be as well known on the racecourse as Mrs. Vernet herself, but you will not get your licence unless you have had some practice in handicapping. This can only be done by becoming acquainted with some official handicapper and, after sitting at his feet for some time, by being able to say that your handicaps agree almost exactly with those of your master. Even then you are no nearer earning any money than you were before. You are exactly like a young doctor who has set up his plate as a general practitioner and waits until his patients arrive. Your patients are the executives of the various racecourses.

Pratt and Co., for example, control, as I have indicated, any number of the Southern meetings and, if you are very lucky, will write to you and ask you if you would like to handicap certain race meetings for them. Others, also, may write to you, and the reason why I am writing this article now is because the handicappers will all know by the end of this week how many race meetings would like to use their individual services and, in consequence, can gauge to a nicety what their income is likely to be.

Mind you, there is one rule which is a great limitation to your earning power. A handicapper is not allowed to handicap more than one flat race meeting at a time. That is to say, he may not handicap two or more meetings which occur in the same week. The reason for this is that handicappers are expected to be present in person at the various meetings which they handicap in order to see how their horses run. This is waived in the case of steeplechases—which is one reason why the fee is £30 instead of 35 guineas, the difference being the presumed cost of the trip to and from the course by the handicapper. On the other hand, there is nothing to prevent your handicapping any number of meetings provided they do not clash. One retired handicapper tells me that on a certain occasion he had to handicap no fewer than eighteen races in a week, and when you remember how many entries—as opposed to runners—there are for the average races, all of which have to be handicapped, you will realize what a formidable task this was.

Drawing by the Tout
MAJOR CROCKER BULTEEL, who frequently chews a toothpick to assist his calculations

Of course, it is sometimes almost impossible for a handicapper to see all the races he has handicapped. Supposing, for example, he has done the weights for a week-end meeting at Chepstow and also some race meeting in the North which begins on the following Monday. On occasions like this the handicapper will probably ask one of his colleagues, whose home is in the neighbourhood, to represent him. The latter does so, charging him the cost of his hotel and his transport, and sending him in the bill together with his comments on the running of the horses. Incidentally, handicappers are always given their luncheon and wines free by the Stewards of every meeting at which they are present in an official capacity.

MAJOR GEORGE WILMOT is not only a handicapper, but also a judge and starter

MR. E. A. TOPHAM, who holds a handicapping licence under National Hunt rules

The question next arises, how does a handicapper arrive at the weights which he allots to the various horses? The answer is a multifarious one. The lowest weight must not be below six stone seven pounds (it used to be six stone), and the top weight must not be less than nine stone. Of course, it is sometimes seven stone or more, and the top weight often goes up to as much as ten stone seven, while in steeple-chasing, thirteen stone is not out of the common. In addition to that as a working basis, you have the general rules about weight for age which you can read in any form book, and the penalties incurred by a win the last time out. All this is comparatively simple. But now you come to the other problems. These are:—

The apparent form.
The jockey who rode the horse.
The state of the ground, and whether it was suitable for the horse.
The question of whether the horse was lucky or unlucky in the actual race.
Whether it was unlucky at the start.
Whether it was trying.
Whether it was "running on" at the finish; and (finally)
Whether the trainer is honest.

Naturally, no handicapper would admit to this publicly, and yet everything must be taken into account.

H. M. Bateman once drew a picture of "The Handicapper's Dream." You will probably remember it. It showed every single horse going past the post in a straight line. The ideal and still possible result for a handicapper would be a triple dead-heat between a top weight, one of the middle division, and a bottom weight. The late Major Lee once had a triple dead-heat at Windsor, and the Hon. Rowland Leigh had two consecutive dead-heats at Wolverhampton, while in the Cambridgeshire of 1918 he had the satisfaction of seeing the first six horses finish with heads between them.

But undoubtedly the most astute handicapper of modern times has been Mr. T. Dawkins. He may not have seen through a brick wall, but he seemed to have that periscopic acuteness of vision that gave him an inkling of what took place the other side of it. That is the kind of thing that delights the various meetings and makes them all the readier to employ your services. For the racing public, though it may not be aware of the identity of the individual handicapper, is very much aware of the individual handicapping, and will be far readier to patronize meetings where it has an exciting run for its money instead of a series of processions.

Major Fred Lee, before he was handicapper, owned a still-remembered horse called Royal Flush. In those days he used to ride occasionally in steeplechases. On one occasion he was riding a match against P. Coke when the latter fell, and his own horse came down at the next fence. A farmer who helped him rather clumsily to remount was roundly abused by Major Lee for being so slow to aid him. "There bain't no hurry" was the unconcerned reply. "T'other fellow be dead."

THE OPENING OF THE FLAT SEASON: A Newmarket scene. The rate of payment for handicapping varies between flat-racing and over-the-sticks, for a handicapper is expected to visit flat races he has handicapped, but not steeplechases

Generally speaking, a handicapper does not feel too badly if there is not more than a length dividing the first two horses in a five furlong race, though he hopes, of course, that it will not be more than half a length. In a long distance race he will feel comparatively unruffled if there is not more than two lengths or so difference. But, then, long races are almost impossible to handicap well.

Handicappers find, on the whole, that everyone is extremely polite to them, though their standing is so high that they are never offered bribes. The nearest case I can discover occurred at a big country meeting

A WINNER: The greatest thrill that comes to any racing man is when he leads in his horse after a victory; it transcends even the bookie's joy at an outsider's victory; a successful punter's delight; or the ecstasy of a close finish to a handicapper

THE COFFEE-ROOM of the Jockey Club at Newmarket — christened, unofficially, the "Courtroom of the Turf"

where the clerk of the course came up to the handicapper and said, "You might be kind to Blank's horse. The owner is a very good supporter of ours, and we would like him to be treated gently." One of the handicappers' most usual experiences is to be told by owners and trainers that their horses would easily have won some particular race if they had not died in the meantime, or been cast in their box, or something like that.

Perhaps I should have mentioned earlier that the handicapper is not sent a special list of the horses he is to handicap. All he does is to get the Racing Calendar which is published by Messrs. Weatherby's in Cavendish Square and then write down from it the entries which are mentioned therein. In the same way the handicapper sends in his list of handicaps to Messrs. Weatherby, who then print them in due course. On occasion a mistake on the part of the Post Office has resulted in the list arriving too late for publication. When this happens the handicapper has to pay for "slips," which have to be sent to all the owners who have entered horses. This may cost the handicapper nine or ten pounds.

The late Mr. A. Keyser had an unfortunate experience with his first horses. Determined that nothing should go wrong at his first start, he registered his envelope. It was received by Weatherby's early charwoman, who carefully deposited it in a cupboard where it remained while the Racing Calendar was published with Mr. Keyser's handicaps noted as "Not received up to the time of going to press."

Finally, a handicapper is never allowed to bet except at National Hunt Steeplechases where he is not officiating.

DREAM SPIRES OF

THE CITIES SERVICE BUILDING: This is one of the newest skyscrapers in down-town New York and it displays the modified "zoning" or "cut-back" style of architecture that has been rendered obligatory by law—thus giving the maximum of light to itself and its neighbours

THE PHANTOM CITY: A superb aerial view of the skyline of New York, taken on one of t atmosphere of the city is overwhelmed with shrouding mist. This impression gives a s Adequately to record such a scene as this with a camera, the photographer must be ab appreciation of the value of shadows, for the clouds move quickly. Thereafter, th

PIERCING THE CLOUDS: The Empire State Building, on 34th Street— surmounted by a mooring-mast for airships (a device as yet found impracticable)—seen from an aeroplane, looking down even on the loftiest building in the city of spires. Various other skyscrapers, though intrinsically mighty, are seen on the right, dwarfed at once by the foreshortening inevitable in an aerial picture and by the stupendous height of the Empire State edifice

A PHANTOM CITY

of the rare occasions when the crystalline clarity characteristic of the a softness and graciousness to the skyscrapers' silhouette seldom seen. able to visualize his effect both precisely and instantaneously, with due the pilot of the aeroplane must manœuvre into a suitable position

MID-TOWN MANHATTAN is also a region of skyscrapers to-day, where but a decade ago only a few sixteen or twenty-storey buildings were to be seen. Then the down-town area alone displayed these typically American structures *en masse*

A steady change is coming over the architectural silhouette of New York; the city which the late Joseph Pennell recorded so brilliantly in black-and-white drawings and lithographs is a thing of the past. Modern concern with hygiene is largely responsible for this change, for it was found that the great but primitive skyscrapers of twenty years ago might be drenched in sunlight in parts while the rest of the building was shrouded in shadow. To counteract this, a system of "zoning" has been enforced by law upon the New York architect. He is now obliged to cut back the mass of the building as it ascends. He thus plans as much floor-space as possible on the widespread lower storeys, while the rest of the accommodation must be supplied in a spire or shaft shooting a thousand feet into the sky. This legislation has been responsible for the evolution of a new style which may for convenience be termed "Perpendicular neo-Gothic," despite the fact that square windows never characterized the original Gothic school. Long-drawn vertical lines rush skyward and taper off into a coronet, as in the Farmers' Trust Building or into a delicate spire, as in the Cities Service Building.

56 STOREYS HIGH: The new City Bank Farmers' Trust Co. Building on William Street, New York, south of Wall Street

THE SLENDER SPIRE of the Cities Service Building. This edifice is the headquarters of a corporation which serves various municipal amenities—water, light, etc,—to many cities in the Eastern States. The nearer bridge is the Brooklyn; that farther away is the Manhattan—both spanning the East River. The modern buildings of New York are all white and are stepped or set back—a type of architecture enforced by law

FORECASTING THE WEATHER

Some Practical Hints for the Layman by Captain RICHARD CRAVEN, Who has Sailed Many Times Round the Horn

"Red Sky at Night" *if it be low down and rosy means fair weather; Indian red all over the sky means rain*

Over-clear Definition *is a sure sign of too much vapour in the atmosphere—and presages wind and rain*

Squally Weather Ahead: *This type of sky does not hint at very serious wind*

Bold, Windy Weather *is indicated by a bold sky. Soft lazy clouds indicate soft, indefinite weather*

Now that the boisterous season is approaching why not learn to forecast the weather by simple indications in Nature, free to all?—no instruments required, no mathematics, and you can throw in your pet corn or gouty toe as an accessory to the fact, for it is the little things that count nowadays. Here follow many simple indications in weatherology that will appeal alike to hikers, yachtsmen and lovers, and we will run through the "fine weather" system first:

A "low dawn" presages fine weather. Having an important "date," hop out of bed betimes and notice where the first streaks of daylight appear; if as a whitish line on the horizon or nearly so, it is one of the best signs. A dull grey morning with a quiet, indefinite, soft blue-grey sky—good; it usually breaks up about noon and turns into a glorious sunny day, but do not get this mixed up with a dull, oily-looking grey sky.

A quiet sunrise, with soft little clouds floating lazily about, no unusual bright colourings, misty clouds forming on hill tops, then becoming indefinite, finally dispersing, is a fine weather sign. Dew is a good omen overnight, for dew will not form under an overcast sky or when there's any wind about. Meanwhile in your garden the spiders will have been working overtime during the night spreading webs and casting streamers all over the place.

Seabirds flying far out to sea early morning, cattle and sheep in the fields scattered all over the place, anywhere and everywhere—birds flying high and to windward—are all good signs. A halo around the moon, like a misty ring; watch if its diameter expands and becomes more indefinite in texture; if so, expect fine weather. The softer the sky and cloud effects, the softer the weather, but you may get a few light showers of rain, no force of wind.

For yachtsmen and "wet-bobs," I would commend the following: During squally weather at sea, face the wind, and select a small distant cloud coming towards you. If it becomes thinner in texture and tending to disperse by the time it reaches you, this usually denotes less wind or that your present weather will improve. Also during squally weather take particular notice of the disposition of wind and rain in the squalls. For the old saw, "First the wind, and then the rain; hoist your small sails up again," is a very true one, in that the wind will remain in the same direction without a "shift," the bugbear of sailing craft, large and small. The higher and more distant the clouds seem to be, the more gradual the coming change in the weather will be.

A "red sky at night is a sailor's delight," yes if it shows as a small rosy pink patch low down on the western horizon where the sun has set, and not a gorgeous display of Indian red-tinged clouds stretching almost from horizon to overhead, for this latter indicates—rain.

Now for a range of simple "bad weather" signs; there are many that will assist in forecasting and enable you to take precaution. After a spell of fine weather the first signs of a coming change will be the appearance of what are called "cirrus" clouds stealing across the sky high up. Light wisps of gossamer-like threads that form "mare's tails," and the root of the tail usually points in the direction from which you may expect the wind. These "cirrus" are not formed in our atmosphere, but belong to the stratosphere above ours—from five to ten miles high, and formed of icy particles instead of ordinary vapour, they are a disturbing factor as regards the weather.

A "red sky" at night composed of many clouds tinted with Indian red, much rain and maybe wind, and a "red sky" in the morning, is a sailor's warning. The former may look wonderfully pretty at the time, but it bodes ill. Brilliant colours at sunrise, and even at sunset, are not good signs, as they generally denote too much vapour in the atmosphere, and you may expect wind and rain. The quieter the colours and cloud effects, the quieter the weather. The most brilliant skies are to be seen before the advent of a typhoon or cyclone, then the colourings defy description, what with livid greens, purples, indigo blues, gorgeous yellows and reds, a wonderful show from horizon to overhead, the fantastic shape of the clouds adding to the picture. Meanwhile the weather appears calm and very fine, in fact too fine, and—you may probably detect a peculiar moaning of wind high up above. The changes from this state to a storm are very rapid indeed.

A bright yellow sky at sunset denotes increase of wind, whilst a dull dirty yellow tint is a sign of rain and probably wind, the more green there is the more rain may be expected. A "high dawn" where the first streak of daybreak shows above a mass of clouds denotes bad weather, although your weather at that moment seems very fine. This is a very reliable hint, one of the best.

Seabirds, gulls, and petrels flying low and to leeward, everlastingly screeching and agitated, generally portend bad weather. But do not get this sign mxed up with the meal hours on shipboard. These birds are endowed with a wonderful instinct for time, and know to a minute when each watch of seamen are due to dump their slops overboard after meals. Sailors always throw over the lee-side, tailors and first trippers usually prefer the weather-side, for some reason.

Backstays amongst the clouds, where the sun's rays streak through the distant clouds like so many ropes of a rigging, spell squally weather. During squally weather take particular notice of the disposition of wind and rain in the squalls, remembering the old saw: "First the rain and then the wind, halliards, sheets, and braces mind," for you may expect a sudden shift of wind under these conditions, the bugbear of sailing craft. "Anvil-shaped" clouds near the horizon, squally with rain. Small, dark lines across the face of distant masses of cumulus clouds near the horizon, squally with rain. Feathery wisps of cloud scudding rapidly across the face of heavy cloud masses, rain, and wind, and you can expect the wind to blow from the direction the scud emanates.

Unusual visibility of distant objects is a bad sign. Some years ago we passed Dover, on a calm day, bound to the eastward, when the land, roads, and houses in the vicinity of Cape Grisnez, some eighteen miles distant, seemed to be but a mile or two away. A few hours later we were lying "hove-to" in the North Sea to the tune of a very hard gale.

Unusual twinkling of the stars, a distorted sun or moon rising, and appearing much larger than usual, with the moon's horns indistinct, all denote too much vapour in the atmosphere; you may expect rain and probably wind, often wind from the eastward. Exceptionally good hearing weather, when distant voices seem very close to, indicates a coming east wind.

Mock suns, sun dogs, wind galls looking like fragments of a rainbow dotted here and there amongst masses of cloud, squally with wind and rain; high upper clouds crossing the face of sun, moon, or stars in a different direction to the lower clouds usually denote a change of wind to the quarter from which the upper clouds are coming. Bold, noble looking clouds with hard, well-defined edges, bold weather, probably fresh winds.

On land take a peep at the cattle and sheep in the fields, if huddled together in a corner and somewhat agitated, or if seabirds such as gulls and petrels are settling down far inland with their heads all turned the same way, you may expect bad weather, rain and wind. Even your pet tortoise, usually a very slow sort of individual, if seen to move about rapidly with head up and eating voraciously, you may expect bad weather.

If you have a barometer and know how to handle it you will find it a faithful friend in weatherology, but you must keep a regular chain of observations daily at stated times and use the attached thermometer reading also. A promiscuous visit now and again is useless. Almost every householder is the possessor of a barometer, and nearly every happy possessor commences a system of torture at once by nailing it up in the hallway near the front door for the neighbours to see the latest bit of furniture. This procedure is wrong, for all makes of barometers should be hung away clear of draughts and the banging jarr of doors, for the instrments are delicate, There are two kinds of barometers—one the Admiralty mercurial pattern, the other is called an "aneroid" and is the sort usually found in houses.

The latter are small round wooden affairs with a clock-like face, the cheaper sorts embellished with a rope carving around its rim and many misleading items painted on its dial—"Very wet and windy," "All change," and so on. An up-to-date aneroid is a simple brass clock-like case with figures on its face denoting the weight of the atmosphere or pressure of the air in inches.

Another constant abuse practised on the aneroid is the eternal "rapping" of its dial by every passerby. Such treatment is bad, and quite unnecessary, but a "gentle tap" to a mercurial barometer is permissible, but don't thump. The best place to keep an aneroid is tucked away in a drawer.

In judging the weather do not confine yourself to one simple indication, use several of them—and then sum up the whole. Just as a phrenologist feels all your bumps—and then gives a general outline of the character.

As to "moon-lore," some old-timers still cling to the idea that a crescent moon with the horns pointing downwards, pouring all the water out, you are sure to have rain, yet there are parts of the world where the moon nearly always appears inverted, and rain water is very scarce, droughty in fact. An old saying among Cape Horn seamen as they slopped around the decks waist deep in water, praying for a "chikken farm" ashore, during a gale of wind, "Just wait until the moon gets up—she'll soon skoff them there clouds up," expectancy never realized, for the moon hasn't a so-called "skoff" in it.

EVERY DAY IN INDIA

THE CHARMER OF SNAKES is a commonplace figure in the squares, with his sack of hooded cobras and his rudimentary flute

THE QUAKERS OF INDIA: The Sadus are a sect of monotheists whose faith presents a curious resemblance to that of the Society of Friends. A group of them is seen above besmeared with ashes in Benares. The sect derives its name from the Sanskrit word *sadhu* (= pure)

CHILD MARRIAGE: Legislation against this practice, whose full iniquity was so dramatically revealed in *Mother India*, has recently been passed in India. To evade it, thousands of Orthodox Hindus were hurriedly married in all parts of India. The marriage age is now fourteen

Ewing Galloway

FIRE WORSHIPPERS: A Parsee woman and her daughter do a little shopping at one of the many alfresco stalls in Bombay

NON-BRAHMAN: A priest of one of the many subsidiary religions in India, with a picture of his deity, the name of which is written round it thousands of times

THE WORK OF THE CHILDREN: Indian boys—one of whom possesses considerable beauty—at work putting the finishing touches to emblems of the Lord Kanapathi before taking them to the bazaar for sale on the day dedicate to the purpose

BOUND FOR A TROUBLOUS CLIME: The second Rifle Brigade draft to India leaves the barracks at Devonport to entrain. The long overdue recrudescence of a will to govern in India necessitates an adequate force to deal with the various crises that will inevitably arise

2,000 HOMELESS IN GLASGOW: Dalmarnoch Gardens Allotments, in the Ruthergien area, which was most severely smitten by the floods. In some Glasgow streets the water ran 10 ft. deep and five Clyde bridges were closed

VENICE IN SCOTLAND: Abnormal rains and melting snow have precipitated serious floods in Glasgow, as this picture of the Cathcart area—where the river Cart imprisoned numbers of families—eloquently portrays

A SURREY SPA REPAIRED: Between Oxshott and Chessington is Jessop's Well, a tiny Spa with a tiny pump-room recently repaired. It has a history of nearly two centuries

PREPARING FOR THE SALMON SEASON: The winter days are spent by the salmon fishers on the banks of the Severn in repairing the old and in making new *putchers*, as the basket traps are locally termed, in readiness for the opening of the season

WHERE THE CLYDE HAS BURST ITS BANKS: An area near Glasgow lying feet under water after the violent rains of the past few weeks. Over 2,000 people in the district have been rendered homeless by the flooding of several rivers

WHALES ALIVE IN CORNWALL! Two of the eight young whales—three of which were alive—washed up on the beach at Perranporth owing to the recent gales

The SEDATE CHARM of THATCH

AN ANCIENT CRAFT that holds its own in parts of Oxfordshire—and at Dorchester, Oxon., walls are thatched as an anti-damp device

THATCH OF VARIOUS AGES: A scene in the Rodings, Essex, one of the most picturesque corners in the Home Counties. The farmhouse roof has only recently been newly thatched as may be deduced from the clean-cut eaves; the roofs of the barns are, however, not so new and the pleasant services of the itinerant thatcher will soon be required

OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY: A fine example of thatched barns at Bucklebury, Berks, before which some children try their luck in the Pang

PATTERN IN THATCH: Two fine examples of thatching from Leaden Roding, Essex. The neatness of this roofing, as well as its effectiveness, is quite remarkable

NEAR AYTHORPE RODING: A majestic barn-roof which sweeps up to its apex above the gable. While there is much, both aesthetically and practically speaking, to recommend thatching—for this form of roofing keeps out the damp—it has to be frequently renewed, in some districts so frequently as every five years. The only objection to thatching is the danger of fire—now minimized by the prevalence of electric light

WARM IN WINTER, COOL IN SUMMER is the motto of the thatcher—and a true motto it is. Here he is seen making old cottages snug and comfortable at Beauchamp Roding

BOOKS—

Films and Novelists: A Critic of Courage: A Rhapsody of Jewry: And a Good Mystery Yarn

By CECIL ROBERTS

At a literary tea-party the other day, one of those intellectual gatherings where the conversation begins upon royalties, and ends upon royalties, a kind of Publisher's Court Circular, I was amused to hear a prosperous author complain that his last novel had been murdered by a film company. He rather resented my suggestion that he knew the price of being murdered, and was quite willing to accept it. Just as some writers spend all their time abusing publishers, others spend it narrating the wickedness of film producers. It happens that I have always found publishers honourable and obliging members of a hazardous profession, and while my experience of film producers has had its comic aspects, I think on the whole they do not deserve the abuse that is lavished upon them.

I was once taken to the South of France by a film company to write the scenario of a book of mine which they had purchased. It was understood that I should collaborate with the professional scenario writer, but I could never get him to sit down to work. He always insisted on going out on to the terrace and calling for a Cora vermouth, then he went to sleep.

After three weeks of this exasperating conduct I fell ill and left him. He promised to send me his version of the scenario. I almost fainted when I received the covering note which began, "Don't be alarmed because I've changed the names of the characters. It happened that I hadn't a copy of your book by me at the time." But worse was to follow. When I turned to the *dramatis personæ*, behold the name of the heroine was "Miss Cora Vermouth"! Incredible though it may seem, I relate this in sober truth. I felt like the author who told me he always went to see the film version of his last novel in order to get the plot for his next.

A COURAGEOUS CRITIC: Mr. Norman Collins whose volume, *The Facts of Fiction*, is commended by Mr. Roberts on this page

When an author consents to sell his story to the films he should do one of two things. Either he should be content to receive the money, knowing well that the producing company believe they have a right to do anything they like with his story, or he should insist on seeing and passing the scenario. I might say, at the outset, that unless he is a very big author indeed he will never obtain this right. And when he does obtain it the trouble soon begins. There is the historic battle of Mr. Theodore Dreiser over *An American Tragedy*. He asserts his book has been travestied, and has vetoed the film.

The producer and the author are doomed to a quarrel if the latter expects fidelity to the text. Nor do I think the rights of the case are with the author. I have seen sufficient of film production to learn that a very different and difficult technique must be employed. The psychology that takes a page of prose to explain has to be suggested in the momentary expression of a face, the dialogue that may spread all over a stage has to be concentrated within a camera shot. The author takes four hours to tell a story, the film rarely more than two. The book need only hold the attention of one person, the film must hold the attention of a thousand upwards. The conditions of presentation are entirely changed. Most authors stubbornly refuse to recognize this.

Recently, while working in a studio, I had a striking illustration of the difficulties of faithful reproduction. One of the best moments in my story has been at the end. The chief character, a very old man, goes out to dinner at the Ritz. As he walks in through the revolving doors, thinking about his affairs, he emerges and suddenly falls dead. In the book this was a fitting and reasonable end, with a touch of pathos. But in the film version this finale had to be thrown overboard. As the producer pointed out, it suggested the opening of a drama instead of the closing of one, and the audience would want to know what had happened after my hero had fallen dead. Psychologically I had been able to make such a death fitting, pictorially it could not be made so.

The film story occupies a world of its own. For the time being the stories of authors are taken and adapted, partly because of the renown they have earned, partly because there has not yet arisen a school of skilled writers devoting its ability to the film. I always feel it is unreasonable, therefore, to go to the cinema and expect to see a favourite book accurately reproduced. And it is utterly unreasonable of the author to complain after he has accepted the money. He must have known it was the price of massacre.

I have put down *The Facts of Fiction* (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Norman Collins, with considerable relief. For a long time I have been under the impression that I was the only critic who regarded D. H. Lawrence as a lamentable spectacle of the erotomaniac in fiction. The spectacle of the descent of this man of genius into indecent imbecility is one of the saddest things in contemporary letters. Instead of being restrained and guarded by his friends, they have consistently encouraged him in his obscenity, acclaiming, as sheer genius, work that was unmistakably the last guttering of a sex-tormented mind. More and more Lawrence was animated by the spirit of anti-Christ, and his hatred finally exploded in *The Man Who Died*, a revolting book, even more disgusting than *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

To those acquainted with Lawrence's origin he was clearly a case for the alienist, and had he been properly restrained instead of encouraged along his painful course, his genius might have flowered to some permanent gain. Unfortunately he was urged on to fresh outbursts of his diseased mind, and he collapsed in the frenzy of his effort.

Mr. Norman Collins has stated his case against D. H. Lawrence with a frankness that will bring down upon his head the anger of the Lawrence school. "His books are essentially the expression of the rat in the trap," he says, and proceeds to an analysis that is as thorough as it is destructive. I agree with every word written by Mr. Collins, and I admire his courage. In the superior coterie of inspired pornographers which made Lawrence its god, Mr. Collins's opinions will sound like blasphemy. A little genius, much Freud, and more dementia formed the basis of the Lawrence cult. Already the cult is dying, and in a few years the true Lawrence will emerge, a man of genius who became an ignoble wreck.

Independence is the keynote of Mr. Collins's work. He is not afraid to stand alone or, what requires more courage, to like with the crowd. Here is the best sentence and the most illuminating I have ever read upon Henry James: "He gave the novel new nerves of sensitiveness, he taught it to explore the mind for the little half resolutions and misgivings as well as for the decisions and rejections that ultimately make for action."

In his new novel, *Magnolia Street* (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.), Mr. Louis Golding has undertaken a *tour de force*. It is immensely long, immensely interesting, it spans the years 1910 to 1930. The scene opens in Magnolia Street, in Doomington, which is easily recognizable as Manchester. Mr. Golding tells us that he is going to narrate the history of the inhabitants of this poor street, with its Jews living in the odd-numbered houses and its Gentiles in the even-numbered houses. In the course of his long narrative he forgets the Gentiles somewhat, but this, I feel, is to the reader's gain, for Mr. Golding's heart is in Jewry. He lavishes upon his Seipels, Shulmans, and Bermans his endless compassion, his ceaseless curiosity, his unique faculty for making them attractive in their meannesses as well as in their moments of greatness.

It is impossible to tell the story of *Magnolia Street*, for it has no story. Mr. Golding goes in at the door and out by the window, he even goes up the chimney or dives into the old cupboard to drag out every small detail in the lives of these depressed—but never depressing—people. And his scene, though it opens and closes in Magnolia Street, takes in the long perspectives of America and Europe. Like poor Mrs. Seipel, long deluded, and in love with her delusion, one grows to like that impossible Uncle Adolf in New York, so good, so kind, who is always going to transport the Seipels to prosperity and bliss on his side of the Atlantic, and through twenty years conceives the most ingenious excuses for not doing so. Mr. Golding held me from the first page to the last of his six hundred and seven, and that is the highest tribute I can pay him, for I am not interested in the lives of people in mean streets. I do not find romance in a dish of tripe and onions, in women fighting each other and tearing out handfuls of hair, in the spitting of street hooligans and the amours of moth-eaten widows. Lamentable and drab in life, I find them lamentable and drab in fiction, even with the virtues heavily written in to the sniffed refrain of "it's the pore wot 'elps the pore."

Mr. Golding uses all this material, but in conjunction with it he uses everything else—the savagery of an anti-German crowd attacking a German woman, the vulgarity of poor people turned into profiteers in the age that turned a nation from wool to artificial silk. Here is the Jew boxer become a world champion, here is—but here is everything. Mr. Golding has given us the Fantasia Britannica, and with what gusto and beauty! In *Magnolia Street* he has got rid of that overloaded, desperately classical-minded style which made his prose an intellectual bog. Here he is lucid, lyrical, single-minded, with a licence for the poet that is always behind the novelist. "All day long Olympus had flashed hard with a white fire. Now Olympus softened through banks of rose red and purple. The sun was almost set. There were green rifts in the western sky between layers of thin gold, and against these the rigging of ships showed marvellously delicate."

In the opening of his novel, *Good Time* (Collins. 7s. 6d.), Mr. James Wedgwood Drawbell introduces us to a most original idea, and one that should make us careful about going to the help of distressed ladies in hotel bedrooms. Miss Peggy Deane calmly locked the door on her gallant young gentleman and then proceeded to blackmail him. He paid up, but proved to be the wrong man, though finally he was the right man. For Miss Deane craved for life, in lumps as vivid and sweet as crystallized fruit. Her victim gave her it, on two continents, and was wonderfully rewarded by a successful final act to a play that had failed. To be locked in a bedroom by a female blackmailer who becomes, in turn, a secretary, a wife, and an inspired dramatist, is not every writer's luck. Mr. Drawbell's most ingenious story never lacks the touch of

(*Continued on p. 100*)

RECOMMENDED LIST

"Nature Fantasy in Australia," by A. H. Chisholm (Dent. 12s. 6d. net).

"An Outline of Modern Painting in Europe and America," by S. C. Kaines Smith. Illustrated (Medici Society. 18s. net).

"The City of the Red Plague," by George Popoff (Allen and Unwin. 10s. net).

"Wedlock," by Jacob Wassermann (Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net).

"Cole's Blecheley Diary" (Constable. 16s. net).

"The Fifth Commandment," by H. A. Vachell (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net).

"Saint Joan. The Apple Cart," by Bernard Shaw. Standard Edition (Constable. 6s. net).

THE MANNEQUIN: Miss Jeanne Stuart, who plays the demonstrator of the underwear—and the fun—purveyed in *It's a Girl*, by Messrs. Henson and Howard, at the Strand Theatre

PLAYS—

"Bow Bells" at Last at the Hip Revived at the Queen's:

By PHILIP

For some inscrutable reason, revues are rarities nowadays. The little intimate revues which, good or bad, but usually bad, used to crop up about quarterly in London, have died. It was a trick the British impresario never quite got the hang of, and, even with a successful show here and there, the ultimate result was usually a toppling over into the chasm of financial disaster.

Mr. C. B. Cochran, stern and wild, like Caledonia herself, is now giving us noble messages of patriotic sentiment at the National Theatre, and showing the great Professor Reinhardt the difference between a castle in Salzburg and an hotel in Manchester. Not until the autumn, alas! shall we see Miss Cicely Courtneidge in revue again, for she and Mr. Hulbert have film work which must be tackled. London's only revues are *Walk This Way* at the Winter Garden, which with its sundry virtues and the genius of Miss Gracie Fields is to the West End almost as alien a growth as the entertainment of the Moscow Art Players, and *Bow Bells* at the Hippodrome.

Now *Bow Bells* has cost so much money and the first performance lasted such a long time that it hardly deserved the choice, by not a few of my esteemed colleagues, as its outstanding feature, the fact that a young lady occupying a minor position in the company sprained her ankle. My sympathy with the lady in question is none the less sincere when I say that this mishap was not without its fortunate side for her. I still find, whenever the topic of *Bow Bells* crops up, people saying, "Oh, isn't that the show in which a girl sprained her ankle?"—a striking instance of the genius possessed by the British public for displaying a lack of proportion over which an intelligent chimpanzee would weep. So the greater part of my sympathy goes to Mr. Murray Anderson, the producer; to Mr. Sullivan, the composer; to Mr.—or is it Mynheer?—Hermann Rosse, the designer of the settings and of the costumes, to the distinguished cast, and to Mr. R. H. Gillespie and his fellow directors—since all of these really have had something to do with this stupendous entertainment. From this list I have purposely omitted the names of the authors, for in this respect no scene I have ever seen has been so poorly served. There was hardly one of the many sketches which did not give me the impression of having been written in the morning, rehearsed in the afternoon, performed at night, and of being inevitably destined for extermination at the council of war, celebration of victory, or inquest which in the revue world it is the custom to hold on the following morning.

This revue is, however, so mechanically ingenious, so full of beautiful colour schemes, novel scenic devices, and marvellously clever dancing that I predict for it success. But is not here, again, a lack of proportion? One mechanical trick, installed at vast cost, is to bring members of the company into view standing still on a strip of stage which moves along parallel to the footlights. Since I have no reason to suppose that any member of this company is suffering

THE FAR FROM NELSON TOUCH: Mr. Felix Aylmer informs Miss Leonora Corbett that he refuses, on plea of indisposition, to see anyone—an amusing scene from the comedy at the St.-Martin's

CONFIDENCE: Miss Leonora Corbett tells the sympathetic butler (exquisitely played by Mr. O. B. Clarence) of her affection for the black sheep of the family—who, of course, saves the Empire

...podrome: "The Farmer's Wife" ...The Return of Piccaver

...PAGE

from locomotor ataxy or creeping paralysis, a lot of money might have been saved by allowing them to walk—not necessarily an ungainly process and a perfectly natural one.

The method of getting actors and actresses on to the stage is not nearly so important as what they are given to say and do when they get there. I venture to suggest that if the money spent on this particular marvel of the engineering world had been devoted instead to adequate material for its passengers, *Bow Bells* would be a better show.

But it has many worthy moments. Oscar Wilde as a contributor to a revue is something novel. We had as the more-or-less ballet episode the acting in dumb-show of Wilde's story of *The Young King*, in an atmosphere of Versailles-like splendour, marred only by a set of chairs the colour of which would have sent that æsthete of æsthetes into agonized rage. It was really very well done, however, and the effect will be better still when those chairs are stored away for use in a future pantomime and when Wilde's story is recited by a man in appropriate costume and with a near-Ainley voice, and not by a rather facetious *compère* in a dinner-jacket. Beauty undiluted is the dancing of Miss Harriet Hoctor, who comes from the Ziegfeld Follies and is obviously so exotic a creature that I would describe her as a radium rather than a platinum blonde. What concerns me far more than her exoticism is the fact that she can dance and has all the technique of her job at her fingers' ends. I say "fingers' ends," advisedly, since her arm-work is as lovely as anything she does with, or on, her toes.

Dancing of a different type was provided by three agile brothers—immensely clever, but we had a little too much of them—and by Mr. Max Wall, also brilliant and also too long-lasting. The chorus dancing is marvellous.

Mr. Nelson Keys, being Mr. Nelson Keys, cannot help being diverting; yet it was pathetic to see him making heroic efforts with lines and situations of a quality which he can surely never before have met in his long revue experience. Mr. Tom Stuart, who has made me laugh on and off the stage for years, seemed to have his activities restricted to being slid along the stage as an Anglican clergyman performing the marriage service. Mr. Robert Hale seized magnificently his one great chance as a bulbous-thighed pantomime principal "boy" of the long ago. Almost the only full-blooded laughter of the evening. I would like to see his *The Musical Watsons* again. Plays are revived with success. Why not revue sketches?

As for Miss Binnie Hale, here is the genius who can shine dazzlingly through too much machinery and too little wit. Her sense of burlesque is sure and her mimicry is deliciously wicked; her "Miss Jessie Matthews" is, in some mysterious way, photographic and at the same time a scorching caricature. She can sing, she can dance, she can hold an immense entertainment together with as sure a touch as I have ever seen. Wonderful Miss Hale!

The Farmer's Wife does not grow out of date, for the simple reason that it bears so little relation to life. Its revival, therefore, at the Queen's Theatre shows no creaking o' the joints, nor would a revival of it a hundred years hence.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts creates, when he writes these Devonshire rustic plays, an unreal dream-world of his own. That does not imply that it is not charming. Indeed, dream-worlds usually are charming; if they were not we would not wish to dream them.

The author's strong point is not his plot. We really do not mind what this farmer does in the way of marriage, and in Act II what plot there is goes to pieces altogether to make way for what would furnish a music-hall sketch, and a good one. We get still more bored with the reasons why Miss Petronell will not marry George, and why Miss Sibley wants to marry some other young farmer. But many episodes are genuinely amusing and the dialogue is first rate.

Mr. Cedric Hardwicke—I would not put him among our first dozen actors but easily among the first four—dominates everything as Churdles Ash, though the part is intrinsically a small one. The man's walk, his make-up, his very shape are of the soil. And within the last two years Mr. Hardwicke has been the sadistic Barrett *père* and the shrewd young king in Shaw's *The Apple Cart*. *What* an actor!

Mr. Melville Cooper as the farmer is excellent, and good performances come, too, from Miss Evelyn Hope, Miss Maud Gill, and Mr. Roger Livesey.

Bearing in mind the words of the old song, "The Lincolnshire Poacher," I chose a stormy night on which to go to the Palladium to hear the Lincolnshire tenor, Mr. Alfred Piccaver. It would be my still greater delight on a warmer night to welcome Mr. Piccaver in the "grand" season of the year, for he has not been heard at Covent Garden since 1924. On the occasion of my visit, this really great tenor, well though he sang, had chosen a programme intended, presumably, to suit a music-hall audience. This was unfortunate, because, in the first place, it did not give his voice a full chance, and also because it underestimated such audiences, who know more about music than is generally imagined.

Yet how ironic, in a broader sense, is the whole position? We have opera-lovers in England wondering whether the Ministry of Labour will give permission for certain foreign singers to form the nucleus of our season next summer. We have Mr. Piccaver, an Englishman, who is, I honestly consider, the greatest tenor in the world, singing in a London music-hall because a Vienna opera house can no longer afford him. We have other English singers, such as Eva Turner, a gentleman named Johnson (who I think calls himself Giovanni, and is very highly paid), Florence Austral, and several more, spending most of their time singing on the Continent and in America. We have recently had an English season at Covent Garden—one with many merits—which some leading critics, who had clamoured for an English season for years, jumped on with both feet (under the false impression that this would please Sir Thomas Beecham) and which Society, led by a few cattish women, chose to boycott. We have Covent Garden with its magnificent acoustic properties and fine traditions, which Sir Thomas cannot be induced to enter. Finally, we have a deuce of a pother over an opera subsidy which, given a chance, would pay its way in entertainment tax and is less, anyway, than the cost of the ludicrous Licensing Commission.

What a muddle! Poor old opera!

DISCUSSION OF TERMS: The sheikhs—Messrs. Basil Cunard, Henry Cass, and Malcolm Keen—consider the terms outlined to them by Mr. Francis Lister, who, posing as his far from courageous and not very able brother, who holds high office, saves the ticklish Arabian situation by bluff

CONGRATULATION: The oil magnate (Mr. Herbert Lomas) felicitates Lord Duncaster (Mr. Felix Aylmer) on the master-stroke of diplomacy whereby the latter's brother, masquerading as Duncaster, has brought the Arabian "crisis" to nought; the episode witnessed by Lady Duncaster (Miss Jane Millican)

"ANYTHING FOR PEACE"... Abdulla (Mr. Malcolm Keen) finally signs the treaty engineered by Richard (Mr. Francis Lister) (left), while the Prime Minister (Mr. Campbell Gullan) and Duncaster (Mr. Felix Aylmer) look on

CHEFS-D'ŒUVRES

The great artists of the kitchen are born, not made—although, in matters both culinary and gustatory, as in other things, only practice can bring perfection. The ordinary man-in-the-street whose idea of a dinner is "soup, fish, joint, sweet, and cheese," is as great a Philistine to the super-chefs of the world as was any Victorian merchant to the Æsthetes. To them, a meal must be inspired, emended, and "polished," even as a poem

ACOLYTE AND PRIEST: The novice submits to the connoisseur his maiden effort—a fateful moment in the kitchen where food is considered an Art

THE MODERN KITCHEN is a highly hygienic shrine—one appliance of which is to be found in the special sterilized milk containers and the chefs "operating coats"

COOKING BY STEAM PRESSURE is the latest device in the great alchemical cabinets, wherein the dross of ordinary food is transmuted into a poetic meal

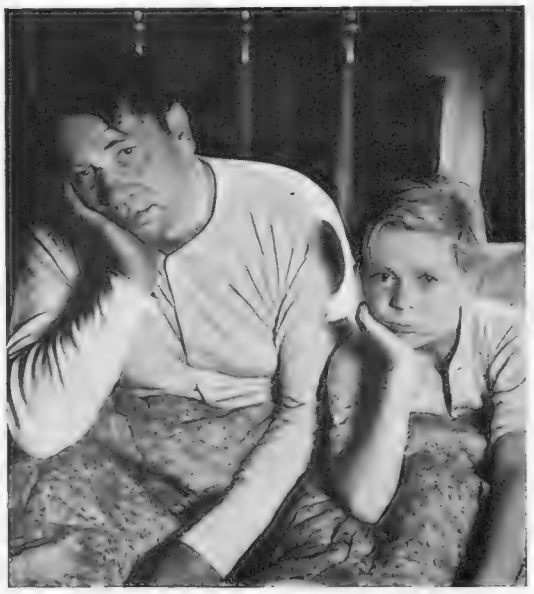
THE BOOK OF THE WORDS: Every great chef possesses a volume of recipes, some of which he himself has composed; some of which date back for centuries

"THE CHAMP"

FATHER AND SON: Mr. Wallace Beery and Master Jackie Cooper in "The Champ"—a wonderful blend of American sentiment and real drama that is crowding the Empire

THE MASCOT: Jackie Cooper, whom Wallace Beery always claims brings him luck when gambling, refuses to continue in his rôle as he wants his father to come home

SHOUTING THE ODDS: Two promoters, a manager and a trainer, are impressed by the ability to effect a "come-back" of The Champ who has been dragged out of a saloon by his little son



THE HANGOVER: The Champ regrets the dissipations of the night before, while his son regards the future (hinging on a successful fight, for which his father is unfit) with despondency

The talk of the town at the moment is the performance given by young Jackie Cooper in "The Champ," the successful talkie at the Empire. This boy actor has amazing range and a superb technique allied to that Thespian genius that comes once in a generation

ITALIAN WINES

The "Buy British" campaign has its counterparts abroad, more especially in Italy, where Fascismo fosters an intense Nationalism. An underground tavern has just been opened in Monte Mario, Rome, where only Italian wine is sold. Each cellar is devoted to the wine of one particular region—the Chianti of Tuscany, the wine of Sardinia, etc. The tavern has become the haunt both of smart society and semi-smart Bohemia, and many notables may be seen there day by day

THE CAVE OF BACCHUS: The underground tavern at Monte Mario, Rome. Thirty feet underground, it is stocked exclusively with Italian wines and is a haunt of the *haut ton* and Bohemia

THE WINE OF SARDINIA is not unlike that of Capri—light and heady with a fine bouquet. This cellar in the underground tavern is devoted entirely to the island produce

CHIANTI OF TUSCANY only is sold in this cellar. The costumes of the bar-tenders lend an additional note of picturesqueness to the underground tavern in Rome

MECHANICS of TO-DAY

MECHANICAL HAULING: An insulated container of the L.N.E.R, on its special truck. Anything may be packed in these huge cases, which are used both on lorries and on rails. Goods are packed in a container, delivered to the nearest station by lorry for its rail journey

THE END OF THE JOURNEY: One of the new L.N.E.R. containers, having accomplished its journey by rail on a truck, is transferred bodily to a lorry to be delivered to the required address

Ewing Galloway

THE LATEST AMERICAN CONTAINER MODEL: This device has now been perfected after ten years of experiment by the New York Central. The sides of the car on which the containers are carried are hinged to form a bridge over which a motor trailer draws out the container

MECHANICAL MOBILITY: A Morris versatile crane engaged in unloading heavy iron pipes at Loughborough. This is one of the new devices employed by the L.N.E.R. for quick handling

220,000,000 GALLONS OF WATER: The Ryeburn Dam, near Wakefield, which is now nearing completion after 4½ years' work. This structure, which will impound water to a depth of 100 ft., is the first of two reservoirs to be constructed in the Ryeburn Valley

TRACTOR PLOUGHING: Mr. William Robertson, Jun., of Drumnagair, Laurencekirk, who has for a second time distinguished himself in the mechanically-operated event in the annual Glen Bervie Ploughing Match

Humphrey Joel

A SUN-TRAP OF THE SOUTH: A view of Beer whose cliffs are not only familiar to the fraternity of Reliability Trial competitors but also to the seekers for solar rays within the coun'ry

RED DEVON

For those who require a holiday in England in winter there is no better place than the South Coast of Devonshire—a strip of English coast with Exmouth at one end, Seaton at the other, and Sidmouth in between, where there is a perpetual softness in the air and a bright sun, such a bright sun, shining on red cliffs splashed with a vivid green; places which are veritable sun-traps, where the high country which lies at the back of them suddenly descends to the sea and leaves them, sheltered from cold winds, and exposed only to the health-giving sun and the beneficent sea breezes. Here, in any of these charming resorts, is the ideal place for a man wishing to make holiday and at the same time restore and build up his health. What could be better for one than a climb into the country behind (that chameleon country which perpetually changes its colour) with the wash of the waves below and the screaming of the soaring gulls; with what an appetite would one return from one's climb, and how happy and carefree would one feel.

You come to Seaton down the valley of the Axe. The train seems as though it were going to run straight into the sea; instead it stops short, and in one minute you are in the little main street which opens suddenly to the sea, and that is Seaton—an unspoilt little beauty spot—its fine cliff gardens and golf course adding to its attractions.

To the east lies Beer, a pretty little fishing village in a little bay formed by jutting cliffs. Here the most ideally unsophisticated holiday can be spent amid the charm of pure country; the caves at the base of Beer Head are associated with Jack Rattenbury, the Rob Roy of the West, in his day one of the most notorious smugglers.

Branscombe is another such spot, a quaint little village with a thatched forge from which one walks through a green valley to a singularly unfrequented beach. The cliff walk to Beer is exceedingly beautiful.

In direct contrast is the sophistication of Sidmouth, the fashionable resort of the South Coast, possessing as it does all the advantages of an inland spa in the shape of all kinds of baths, including brine baths and hydropathic treatment. It has a magnificent esplanade above a beach of pebble and shell, which merges farther on under the cliffs into exquisite golden sands. It possesses a splendid eighteen-hole golf course, and caters for all indoor amusements. The walks around are most beautiful; it is the best possible starting off point for excursions inland to such places as Salcombe, Ottery St. Mary, with its fine old church of Norman date, and Hayes Barton, the birthplace of Raleigh. Indeed the town itself has many interesting historical and literary associations, it being found first by that connoisseur of English watering places, George IV, and beloved by the writer who best portrayed that period of English social life, namely Jane Austen.

Budleigh Salterton is situated on the finest bay on the South Coast, and, like Sidmouth, possesses a very fine sea-front with a pebble beach. Splendid walks may be taken westward to Littleham and eastward to Landram Bay, where there are some very picturesque arch rocks and caves, the delight of bathers.

Facing the mouth of the River Exe, at the foot of the hills which terminate in the magnificent red cliffs that edge the sea just west of Budleigh Salterton, lies Exmouth, a town which claims to have the highest sunshine record in Devon. Its beach of golden sand is bordered by a promenade which is itself nearly two miles in length.

A WINTER MORNING AT SIDMOUTH on the south coast of Devon—a wonderfully "atmospheric" picture

Humphrey Joel

THE ISOLATION OF THE COAST at Branscombe, near Beer, on the South shore of Devon

Humphrey Joel

A FAMOUS SOUTHERN RESORT: A general impression of Budleigh Salterton, seen from the coast

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

MADEIRA and

The Famous Winter Resort Delightful Amenities and

By CLIVE

Year by year increasing numbers of people hear the call of the beautiful islands of the Canary group, and there are strong indications this year the number will again be largely increased. Arrangements for cruises to the Canaries and West Indies during the last two or three years have been admirable by the fine steamers of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company and others, and to-day are possibly as near perfection as human foresight can insure. Such boats as the *Almanzora* are in reality luxurious floating hotels; and there are cabins with electric fans and all modern conveniences, partaking far more of the nature of rooms than of the "cribbed, cabined, and confined," berth of so comparatively few years ago. The cuisine, too, is excellent, and the programmes for enjoyment and amusement *en voyage* leave little to be desired.

Somehow or other, directly one gets out of the Channel and the vessel lays her course sou'-sou'-west or thereabouts, one begins to run into an ocean of sunshine. The trip to Madeira and the Canaries takes but a fortnight, although the wise will extend their stay in these delightful islands as long as they possibly can.

One gets on the voyage, as the steamer touches at a few places, glimpses of the sunny *laissez-faire* cities of Spain and Portugal, more or less transient it is true,

ARRIVAL AT FUNCHAL: S.S. *Homeric* arrives at the famous resort spread attractively on the hillside of the "Islands of the Blest"

but with time at least to see something of them. As the steamer draws into Madeira one sees a long stretch of waterside with multitudes of white-gleaming houses with green jalousies gradually extending up the well-wooded slopes towards the great mountainous range which lies only a few miles from the shores of Funchal Bay. Here one has a mean temperature of 65 deg. in Spring, the coolest month of which is February, and in August it rises only to about 75 deg., so that the variation is comparatively slight. There is an air of cheerfulness about Funchal—doubtless induced by the sunshine, flowers, and beautiful climate—which strikes the visitor directly he lands.

There is plenty of life and colour to interest the mind and intrigue the eye. Good hotels are the rule, and there is bright social life and amusement for the visitor who desires it. The average temperature at Las Palmas in Grand Canary is somewhat higher, but shows a more mild winter climate and moderate range.

Everyone is at once struck by the streets of Madeira; most of these, indeed, are more in the nature of walled lanes, and many of them are overhung by hanging clusters of brilliantly-coloured flowers, and the houses with their green or red-tiled roofs and green shutters have a very restful and at the same time cheerful appearance, while in the gardens attached to the larger houses one has a wonderful wealth of foliage, including that of great palm trees, standing sentinel-like amid the lower growing trees and flowering shrubs.

Everyone should endeavour to go to the centre of the island to Monte, which can be ascended by a cog railway. The streets of Madeira are steeply sloping, and it is on account of this there has arisen a unique kind of conveyance known as *carros*, which are sledge-like vehicles, drawn up the slopes by oxen or mules and sometimes pushed down them by their owners.

The interior of the island is wonderfully picturesque with its volcanic gorges, sub-tropical flowers, and wealth of foliage. The Madeira Archipelago consists of the large island of that name, an adjacent one of Porto Santo to which excursions can be made, and some uninhabited islands.

the CANARIES

of the Atlantic Ocean Offer Natural Beauty to the Visitor

HOLLAND

The island has a very dense population of no less than 572 to the square mile, and there are a number of local domestic industries of an artistic nature, including the manufacture of cane baskets, chairs, etc., inlaid wood, embroideries, drawn thread work, and the manufacture of straw hats. Notwithstanding its sunshine, and beautiful flowering trees, the picture is somehow spoiled by the poverty and low standard of living prevailing amongst many of the inhabitants.

The island belongs politically to Portugal; but the Canary group consists of seven chief islands, and these are a Spanish possession. They are a volcanic group, directly south of Madeira, the largest of which is Teneriffe, and perhaps the best known Grand Canary.

Here one has bananas, palms, sugar cane, oranges, and huge cacti which never fail to astonish those who come for the first time to the island; with also no less than 900 variations of flowering plants.

Las Palmas, Grand Canary, is a delightful town with many of its houses possessing towers or look-outs, and coloured salmon-pink, bluish-grey, maize and white; its groves of palm trees, patches of bright-hued bananas in the gardens, and brilliant sunshine. So profuse and wonderful, indeed, are the flowers in the Canaries that one finds in the streets, especially of Orotava, wonderful carpets of blossoms arranged by skilled gardeners in most intricate designs. Indeed, what is known as "carpet bedding" in gardens is carried out to a state of beauty and perfection that is amazing. The scenery in the interior of Teneriffe is very pretty, and for those who spend a week or two on the island there are plenty of charming excursions to be made.

THE OLD-WORLD CHARM of Teneriffe is seen to great advantage in this view of Calle San Francisco, Santa Cruz

The Canaries have, however, less rainfall than Madeira. It is greatest on the western side of Teneriffe and in the more western islands. The fact that the American prickly pear, which was introduced into the island, runs wild is evidence of the general lack of water. These plants afford a home for the cochineal insects, and though the trade in this commodity has suffered considerably of recent times from competition by aniline dyes, the fact that there are plenty of prickly pears to provide subsistence for the cochineal insect, and that these are easily collected, serves to keep the industry still alive.

Teneriffe itself is a delightful town with handsome white houses and wide tree-planted streets, and the chief of these is the Avenida 25 de Julio in Santa Cruz the capital, which is of considerable importance as a seaport. The chief peak of Teneriffe, El Pico de Teyde, rises to a height of no less than 12,100 ft., so that naturally one has on the island very varied climate, vegetation, and flora.

Teneriffe, indeed, has many picturesque attractions, and Santa Cruz, with its Spanish houses and bright life, makes a very pleasant place in which to spend a few weeks in the winter. It has several fine buildings. The chief and most striking architectural feature of Santa Cruz, however, is the old and very lofty campanile pierced with several windows and an archway, and with a lantern, from which there is a magnificent view of the town and surrounding country.

It is not an easy matter, indeed, for those who come to what may be perhaps described as "the fortunate isles" of Madeira and the Canaries, to tear themselves away; for the sunshine, flowers, and intriguing novelty of life have proved an almost irresistible attraction.

IN SUNDAY BEST: The "cowboys of France"—the inhabitants of the island in the Rhone delta—make their way in picturesque costumes to the Torrida of Saintes Maries. They are reminiscent of the Gauchos of the Pampas

WILD HORSES in the marshy pastures of La Camargue. These derive probably from a Saracenic strain and roam wild, recalling the bronchos of the West

A DANGEROUS JOB: Young wild bulls are captured by the youths of the village for branding. It is no wonder that some inhabitants of La Camargue turn bull-fighters

STERN TASK-MASTERS: Guardians watching a herd of bulls from which they exact obedience

ENTR'ACTE: Between bull fights amateur toreadors dance with their *innamorate* in the arena at Saintes Maries

LA CAMARGUE

The fair land of France presents many diverse aspects. Here it is soft and smiling, there mountainous and bleak. But no district is more unlike *le beau pays de France* than the wild, half-desert delta of the Rhône known as the Ile de la Camargue. A huge triangle of wind-swept marshland, lagoons, and inland ponds between Arles and the sea, it lies within the arms of the Great and Little Rhône, the two waterways into which that river splits at Arles. Herds of wild cattle and horses roam over this immense silent prairie, irresistibly reminiscent of the pampas of South America. Here and there, flocks of sheep graze the salt herbage of the *pré salé*, guided by the lone shepherd, whose red plaid lends an unwonted touch of colour to the scene of scorched desolation.

Otherwise only patches of coarse grasses, of tamarisks and bullrushes disturb the monotony of rough pasture, save where the low roofs of cattle-pens and sheep-folds break the level of the plain. But sometimes a flight of rose-coloured flamingoes will rise from the mosquito-haunted pools, whilst herons, bitterns, and black divers fish the salt waters of the stagnant *étangs*. It was not ever thus.

In Roman times, this desolate stretch of fenland was fertile corn-growing land. It was dubbed the granary of the Roman Empire. The history of its deterioration is curious. The Camargue was first formed by the detritus, ground up, and brought down by the Rhône in the course of its long journey from the Alps. The delta made by this deposit when it reached the Mediterranean was fertilized by the periodical inundations of the Rhône, and by the changing courses of the river, as it forced its way to the sea. The surface of the Camargue is still furrowed by those shifting waterways. But in time the mouths of the river became choked by the mass of mud and sand it brought down. A bar was piled up, behind which lagoons and sand dunes and malarial swamps were quickly formed. The granary became a fever-stricken waste, until the engineers of Louis XIV, by an immense system of dykes drained the lagoons, and confined the flooding river by an embankment. All they succeeded in doing was, at the cost of £1,000,000, to convert a swamp into a desert. During the last few decades much of this sterilizing work has been corrected by irrigation schemes, and vineyards have been planted over a wide area on the western side.

For the rest, the main industry is the rearing of cattle and horses. The little white horses, which are the commonest breed, are probably descended from those brought into the country by the Saracens. They remind one of the broncos of the Western Plains. For the most part, like the black and cream cattle, they roam wild over the prairie. These cattle are of a distinct breed, and the herdsmen who round them up and cut them out when required, are of a distinct type also.

Splendid fellows, these *gardiens*, as these pictures show, almost a race apart, living a life apart, after the manner of the cowboys of the Far West or the Gauchos of the pampas.

Mistral and Daudet have written famous books about this country and the cattle which it breeds. But the *Roi de Camargue* of Jean Aicard describes perhaps most truly and intimately the wild, romantic existence of these *gardiens*. Aigues Mortes, beyond the Little Rhone is the chief cattle market of the district; and it is an unforgetable sight when the fierce little bulls of the Camargue are rounded up and selected for the bull-rings of Arles or Nîmes.

YOUTH AIDS YOUTH: The children's party held at Grosvenor House in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies

AT THE LORD MAYOR'S BALL: Miss Carol Levy in Elizabethan costume and Miss Elizabeth Greenaway in the dress of the greatest of the Tudors

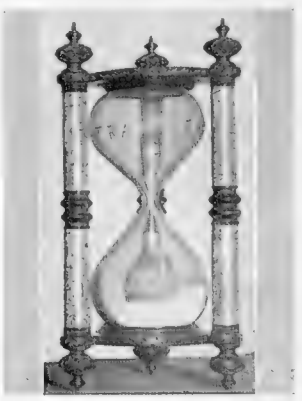
THE BRIDESMAIDS at the wedding of the Hon. Maysie Loch and Mr. Ian Lindsay: The Misses Wills (in centre) with Miss Sterling and the Hon. Helen Loch

IN ROTTEN ROW: Sir Albert Stern's son, Master David Stern (mounted) pauses, during his morning canter, for a chat with two other members of the Bright Youngest People

For *the* COLLECTOR *of* HOUR - GLASSES

I have quite by chance just made the acquaintance of a collection of hour-glasses, or sand-glasses. One wonders how commonly these devices were used a century or two ago! It would seem as though they could not have been common, for they are seen but rarely at the sales, or in the shops of the dealers. They are not mentioned in the writings of those days, except as checks on speakers, preachers, or lawyers. How much hour-glasses entered into the daily life of the home, we are quite in doubt. There seems to be equal uncertainty surrounding the origin of the hour-glass, for there is no record as to what country or century can be claimed as the one in which it was first used. There is an engraving of a sculpture in an old volume entitled "Villa Mittei," on which appears an hour-glass on a bas-relief, on the Mittei Palace in Rome. There it is carried by Morpheus as he witnesses the marriage of Thetis and Peleus.

IN A FRAME OF COPPER: Four hour-glasses of sixteenth-century Germany



EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: An hour-glass with Biblical embellishmen's

FRAMED IN IRON: A German design of the seventeenth century

Hour-glasses are of different designs and degrees of timing. For instance, there is one made wholly of mahogany, one end being stencilled with the words, "This End Up," in white, and the number twenty-eight in black. When this glass is held in the position indicated, the sand falls in exactly twenty-eight seconds. When reversed it operates in just thirty seconds; similar variations are found somewhat frequently when a sand-glass is reversed.

So far as can be gathered, this represents one of the latest practical uses to which sand-glasses have been applied, disregarding, of course, their application to egg-boiling. It is called a log-glass, and with the log-line made the two chief essentials for determining the speed of a sailing ship. The log itself was a piece of thin wood weighted and hung in such a manner that it stood upright in the water. To this the log-line, with knots at intervals of 47½ ft. was attached. The number of these knots that were pulled over the stern during the twenty-eight seconds, which the log-glass recorded, was then used to compute the speed in nautical miles. This glass is in one piece, but others were made by joining two bulbs, binding them strongly with cord, and finally covering this with varnish or sealing-wax.

A unique example is one made with five divisions. The white sand in the upper bulb has a long drop before reaching the lowest which it fills in fifteen minutes. When the second bulb is filled, a half hour has passed, the third takes another fifteen minutes, and the fourth rounds the hour. The metal composing the frame is of brass, and the time and place of its origin are difficult to ascertain.

One of the peculiarities I have noticed is that of the frames. A number have five turned spindles, one of which is flat, and to some degree unfinished. At first it suggested an accident, one spindle having been broken, and replaced by an amateur.

A. H.

THE WORLD OF

The House and

A *Serge Chermayeff* HOUSE

In decorating Mr. A. J. Tooth's house in Gloucester Square, Mr. Chermayeff's primary consideration must have been his client's pictures. A connoisseur of the Arts such as Mr. Tooth would certainly not be content to have his pictures badly hung, and the general scheme of decoration must have been carried out with this idea in mind. Mr. Chermayeff has succeeded admirably, for although the beautiful pictures are the first things to impress one on entering a room, nowhere in the house do you get a "picture gallery" effect. Throughout the house there is a feeling of beauty, simplicity, and comfort. And it is chiefly this simplicity which sets off the pictures so well.

The house is not very large, and half of it is bow-shaped at the back so that all the rooms on one side of the staircase have a curved wall at one end. In the dining-room this curve has been panelled with Australian walnut, the rest of the walls being parchment coloured. The chairs are covered in red leather, and they, like the rest of the furniture in the house, were designed by Mr. Chermayeff.

THE DINING ROOM has a curved wall at one end panelled in Australian walnut. In the ceiling is a pink glass light-dome

Above the dining-room is the drawing-room with the same curved wall at one end. This room is decorated in green. Above this again is Mrs. Tooth's bedroom. Here the bed has been placed in the curve of the wall raised on a dais. The wall has been covered with a fabric of a grey and salmon pink design by Bragge. Above the bed is a large light-dome in silver leaf, salmon pink, and grey.

MODERNISTIC: The walls are painted yellow; the rug is designed in shades of blue, grey, orange and fawn; the picture is by Chinico

THE STATUE is by Maurice Lambert; the doors of English walnut

Walnut is a very beautiful wood and it has been used exclusively and with great effect in the reception rooms, variety being obtained by using English and French wood.

Mr. Chermayeff has designed not only the furniture but also most of the rugs, and with supreme control has achieved a perfect unity of effect.

M. I. B.

WOMEN and the Home

These days, grandchildren of our grandparents live, quite gaily, in the "servants' quarters" and the backyards of their immediate ancestors. Modern mews mania has extended beyond Mayfair to Belgravia, and through Belgravia to the S.W. regions in all their de-ees, overflow-, in its enthu-sm for con-rsion, both rth and south, ping even the ges of the lbrokes.

A TYPICAL "MEAN STREET" before its imminent conversion into the new type of London cottage

It is not now desire for ntness—it is onger quaint, ugh it may be nomic, to live a converted le. It is a tion for very w of us of that erate prob- of finding where with-ur means to and above somewhere re we shall be forced to up a show live "be-l our (pre-station." The mews flats of to-day have a nge pedigree, *of post-War freedom by Economic Cri-* with the Pound Sterling as godfather.

It is one of the main recommendations of this new method of living that it is quite impossible to generalize about necessary expenditure—given a convertible stable or mews—or better still, one into which the elements of civilized life have never been introduced; it is perfectly possible to make a home for as little or as much as one has to spend. Ideas, not hard cash, count in such conversions. If it be a case of converting, then the co-operation of some promising young architect, and/or of the little builder round the corner who is often promising also, are necessary; in fact, never before have there been so many excellent craftsmen bent on producing suitable equipment for altered conditions.

First, there is the business of finding your mews; there are certain good hunting grounds, and there must still in these be many bargains for the persevering. There are still really excellent converted or half-converted homes of this type to be found. Women seem to possess the flair for finding these bargains, and renting them or buying the lease on excellent terms. But whatever be the manner of holding your find, whether by purchase of the lease, by long lease, or by paying inclusive rental (to cover rates), the expenditure on rent (or its equivalent) and rates come to about £100 or £150 for the real bargain, and occasionally under the hundred without the use of the accompanying garage. On the other hand, the little flat may carry a garage for two or even three cars, and the tenant or owner then makes a pleasant if small income by sub-letting these.

A LONDON COTTAGE FRONT, in Three Kings' Yard, off Davies Street

THE WASHING RECESS is fitted with automatic light and reasonable equipment

On the question of structural alteration it is again impossible to generalize; two or three hundred pounds or very much less may work wonders; but ideas and knowledge above all of materials will be worth its weight in gold—or any other metal in which we may soon value our goods!

The fitting and furnishing of the reborn or recently acquired home are fascinating—and here again the skill in the game is to keep the cost down to a minimum—and to use every inch of space. Built-in furniture solves a great deal; and one of the best of the small double-purpose rooms recently equipped was designed for his own use by the artist, Edward Halliday, with built-in cupboards and shelves and washing equipment of the cheapest American whitewood at a cost of £20 for the whole room; to which he added a folding bed behind a silk curtain and a wash-basin and modern gas fire.

An alternative in furnishing is the use of the newest unit-combination furniture—"Combunit," with which it is possible practically to build your own pieces to taste and space.

J. W.

THE DINING-ROOM in a more luxurious type of "cottage" in Three Kings' Yard

EXTERIOR OF 41, CLOTH FAIR AS IT NOW IS: This sixteenth-century dwelling house of brick and timber with attractive projecting windows

THE OUTLOOK FROM 41, CLOTH FAIR: From the projecting window on the second floor one gets a most attractive view of London's oldest church and its newly paved churchyard

THE BIG ROOM OF THE HOUSE: The original panelling is preserved on the second floor but the room is made into one instead of two. The seventeenth-century window has the original mullion. The room is finished in a cool grey

THE BATHROOM ON THE THIRD FLOOR: An attractive double bath-room with marble surround, and wash basin has been cleverly fitted into the third floor at No. 41

THE ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT IN THE BASEMENT: This is a very distinctive feature of the modern work at No. 41

The reconditioning of No. 41 Cloth Fair, which overlooks the ancient Norman Church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, by Mr. Paul Paget and Mr. John Seely, is a remarkably interesting piece of work. It has been adroitly converted into a domestic home for the two architects, and is at the same time equipped with the necessary offices and drawing rooms for the architectural staff. The old work has been preserved with meticulous care wherever possible, and at other points adroit manipulations of space have equipped the house with many modern devices, the most outstanding being the electrical equipment basement, a view of which is given here. The acquisition of the house by the architects probably rescued it from destruction. They have also contributed to the amenities of the neighbourhood by the beautifying of the adjacent churchyard of St. Bartholomew-the-Great.

RELICS FROM THE CELLAR RUBBISH DUMP: This gave a fine drinking horn, a wig curler, and some interesting medieval pottery. The table is modern with legs made out of some old balusters

WILD GAME IN CANADA

PROTECTED: A quartette of musk-oxen—a genus now protected by Government edict. The animals are extremely gentle, but form a ring with cows and calves in the centre when attacked, and fight in defence with courage

THE BLUE RIBAND OF THE CANADIAN HUNTER: A moose swimming powerfully. The season runs from October to Christmas; he is little hunted as meat to-day, but merely as sport. The cows are protected by law

TO BE RESTORED: Musk-oxen have suffered severely from their own courage, for they never run either from human or animal foe. Now the Canadian Government is protecting them in an endeavour to bring their numbers back to the level of many years ago

CARIBOU RUN when attacked either by hunters or by animal enemies. This unusual picture was taken from an aeroplane by *The Sphere's* special correspondent in Canada. The readiness to run away in the presence of foes that characterizes the caribou, is in marked contrast to the behaviour of the musk-ox which, though normally pacific, never runs once it is assailed. Musk-oxen do not taste of musk save for very old bulls; their flesh, when young, comparing favourably with beef

FEMALE MOOSE are protected by law, but during the open season bulls are hunted. The most-favoured and most sporting method is to track him on snow-shoes, but to-day he is more frequently pursued by canoe. A "decoy" is provided by the guide, who imitates (with astonishing *vraisemblance*), through a megaphone, the call of the cow-moose. This attracts the king of the Canadian game world to the lake; and a shot terminates the encounter

The Canadian Government, faced with the fact that the Canadian Arctic can never produce any cereal food and that the natives must forever remain on their meat and fish diet, has encouraged the expansion of the musk-ox herds of the Arctic by protecting these ferocious-looking animals. The Government's Arctic expedition this year made a special study of the musk-ox, even starring them in the cinema. Richard Finnie, son of the Director of the North-West Territories and Yukon branch, advanced close enough to the herds to take moving pictures, though protected at all times by sharpshooters. The musk-ox looks peaceful, but is a fierce fighter when attacked. In defence the bulls of the herd form a circle, head outward, ready to repel an attack from any direction, while the cows and calves shelter within the ring. The musk-ox has one fundamental principle in defence; protect your rear. Should two musk-oxen be attacked they fight tail to tail. One will suddenly make a charge and then dash back into formation.

To take motion pictures of this manœuvre, G. P. Mackenzie, the Government explorer in charge of the expedition, ordered the Eskimo guides to launch their dogs at the musk-ox. Immediately the ring was formed. Later two of the animals were cut off from the herd and the dogs again attacked. One picture shows the Eskimo ready to start off one of his dogs, with Mr. Finnie and his motion picture camera ready to shoot. In the rear is Dr. R. M. Anderson, a Canadian scientist, taking still pictures of the musk-ox. The tall figure in the foreground is Mr. Mackenzie. Another picture was taken when the dogs attacked. The rifleman stood ready to protect the cameraman when the musk-ox charged. Fortunately the animals were not vicious and no casualties were necessary. The pictures were taken at Cape Sparbo, Devon Island.

Despite the musk-ox's ferocious appearance he is in reality gentle and mild. Musk-oxen have been domesticated, and two are to be seen in the London Zoo. Canada, however, is trying to restore the musk-ox in the Arctic to its former strength. Storker Storkerson in 1917 reported four thousand head on Melville Island, and that he and his party killed four hundred for food while in the Arctic. Every year a small party of Greenland Eskimo cross to Ellesmere Island and kill a limited number for food and hide. The rapid elimination of the musk-ox, however, is due to his own courage. He does not run from the hunter or other enemy, as does the caribou. If hunted by men and dogs they do not run far, but form the circle and remain there to be shot down. Such indiscriminate killing, however, is being sternly repressed by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and musk-ox may not be killed save by reason of the one vital necessity, food.

There is a tradition that musk-ox flesh tastes of musk. This is only true, however, of the older bulls. The flesh of the young animal is very nutritious and palatable, comparing most favourably with beef, though more tender and luscious. Musk-ox milk, though small in quantity, is said to be of excellent quality. At present, there are indications of musk-ox on Melville Island, North Devon Island, Axel Heiberg Island, and Ellesmere Island.

It is between the end of September and Christmas-time that the moose, monarch of Canada's eastern woods, is fair game. There was a time before the coming of the white man when the Indians of the Maritime Provinces depended upon the moose for their annual food supply, just as the Indians of the Prairie Provinces obtained their meat from the herds of buffalo roaming wild over what are now the western wheat fields. On the success of the annual autumn hunt the welfare of the Indian tribes often depended and a season of bad hunting usually meant a winter of slow starvation,

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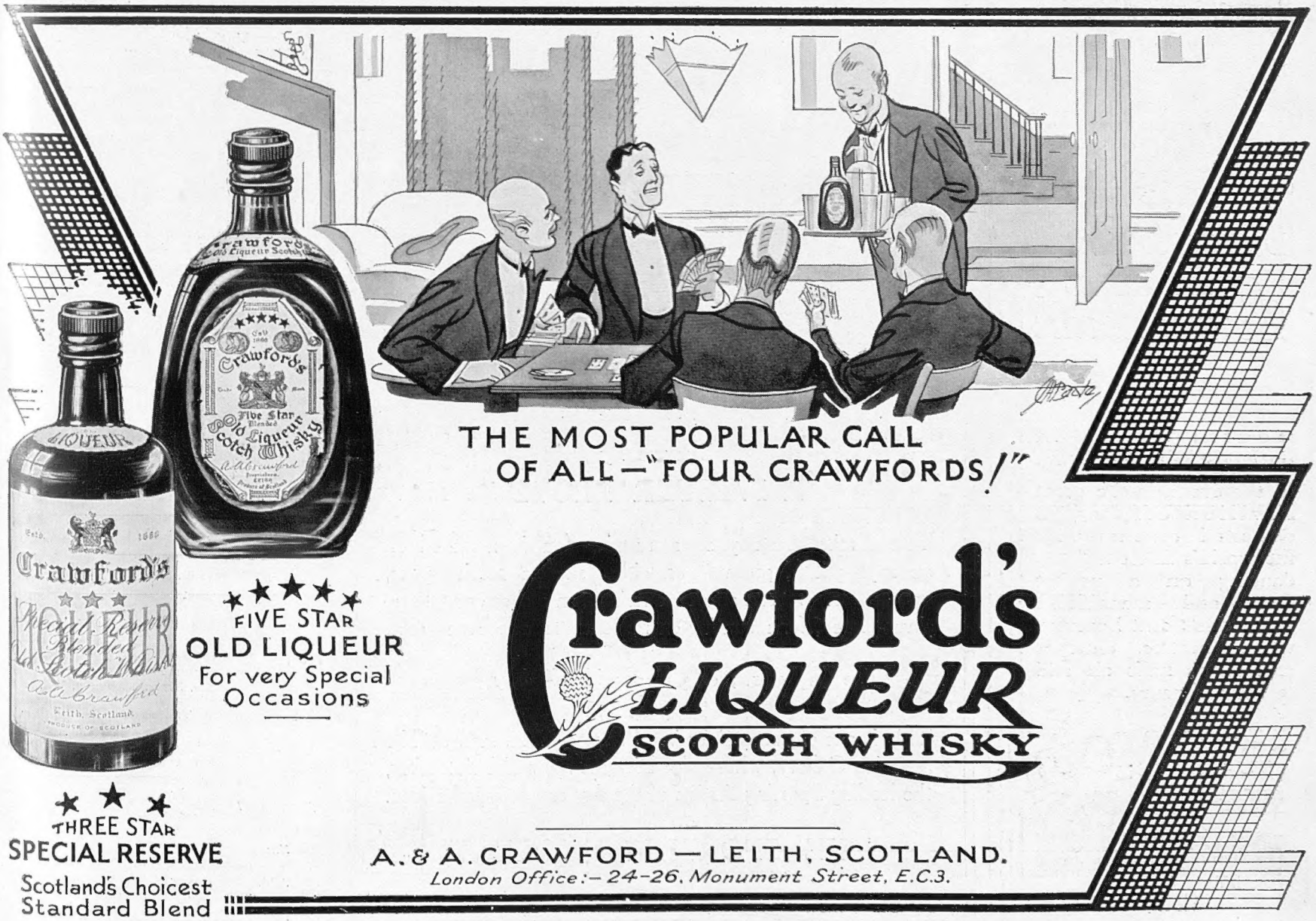

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BOOKS—

(Continued from p. 80)

reality, and it has a crisp dialogue that carries it with a swing from sophistication to rustication, in the hero's country house, with the radio switched off—and the right sentiment switched on.

Why do books sell? I have a shrewd idea, and the critics and the publishers have nothing to do with it. Had I read *The Uncelestial City* by Humbert Wolfe? I was asked by a friend who never reads rubbish. So I bought it, having never heard of it before, to my loss. I was unwrapping a paper parcel when one member of my club said to another, "Have you read a book called *The Riddle of the Straits?* It's the best yarn I've read for a long time." The impossible coincidence was there, for the book that emerged from the wrapping was *The Riddle of the Straits*, by Harry Edmonds (Ward Lock. 7s. 6d.). I endorse the opinion of the unknown member. Here is a mystery story, with a naval and an international setting, that is nobly planned and most deftly executed. It envisages the world at war, England engaged in combat with the U.S.A. for the supremacy of the Atlantic, and the use of the Channel Tunnel as part of war strategy.

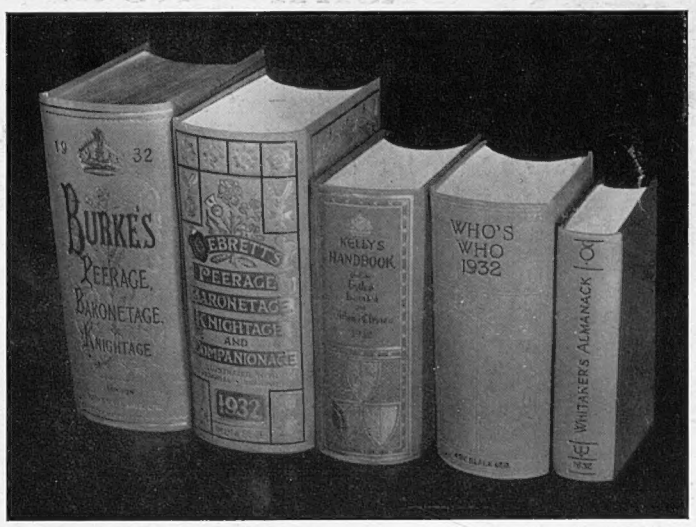
It is a theme many novelists have thought of, and none has dared to tackle. Mr. Edmonds has done so with complete credibility. Here is an imaginative excursion that would sustain the reputation of a Verne or a Wells. It is written with a wealth of detail, a convincing technical endowment, and a highly imaginative forecast of world events. I can heartily recommend this story. In only one thing does Mr. Edmonds reveal the untrained scribe; he leaves pages 230 to 233 unparagraphed, and elsewhere. The most breathless narrative has to be read with breathing spaces.

If you go to the French Exhibition to see the pictures, the Italian Exhibition becomes a dry promenade. *Nineteenth Century Painting*, by John Rothenstein (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) and *An Outline of French Painting* by R. H. Wilenski (Faber and Faber. 2s. 6d.), will be found useful. The former volume presents a lucid history of the development of painting from the beginning of the nineteenth century down to Cézanne, with emphasis on the French influence, and Mr. Wilenski's brochure drills us in the movement and the aim of the French painters from the nineteenth to the fourteenth centuries. Both these books are excellent, non-technical guides by sound authorities.

For REFERENCE

There is a general belief held by the average man and woman, with no justification, that such volumes as *Burke* and *Debrett* are dull. The reverse is far more truly the case. For while few would pick up such books to while away an evening in the stead of a novel, the amount of information, admirably presented in easily digestible form, they offer to the most casual of readers, renders them tomes of outstanding interest. In addition, of course, they are indispensable to the efficient office, the comprehensive library, and even the adequately equipped home.

The most massive and the most expensive of them is *Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage* (9 guineas in morocco; 5 guineas in cloth). Herein are contained the record and the genealogy of the great houses which have each contributed a greater or less amount to our national and Imperial history. Herein are those great leaders of past and present with the many ramifications and cross-references that make of nobility something of a honeycomb. In addition, here and here only is the table of precedence whereby not only hostesses and social secretaries are assisted but any member of the aristocracy—even if the name of that individual be changed from the title to which it is affiliated either by marriage or by birth—can at once be placed.



THE GREAT REFERENCE BOOKS: "Burke," "Debrett," "Kelly's Handbook," "Who's Who," and "Whitaker's Almanac"—reviewed on this page

Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage (£3 15s.) is a volume akin to *Burke*. Its method of tracing any given family, however, is to start with the present generation and work backwards, while the other Peerage starts with the founder of the line and works forward. *Debrett* gives a deal of fascinating information with regard to various minor social changes that have occurred in the last year.

Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes (30s.) presents at a glance 90 per cent. of the notables of the country. It thus embraces a larger field than the two previously mentioned books, for it includes untitled dignitaries of Church and State, leading figures in the worlds of commerce, art, letters, and landed proprietors.

Who's Who (£2 10s.) is a current Dictionary of National Biography. Herein only the elect may be found, for it is only by invitation of the Editor that one's name may be included among the notables described therein. While all the four volumes mentioned overlap to some extent, as is inevitable with such compilations, each fulfils its own individual and particular function, and does not trespass upon those of the others.

Whitaker is a volume totally distinct from the above four. It has been accurately defined as an encyclopædia in miniature, for there is scarcely any form of official activity that is not described with classic pith and equally classic lucidity within its pages. It is published at 6s. in the familiar red and green cloth, and at 3s. in paper.

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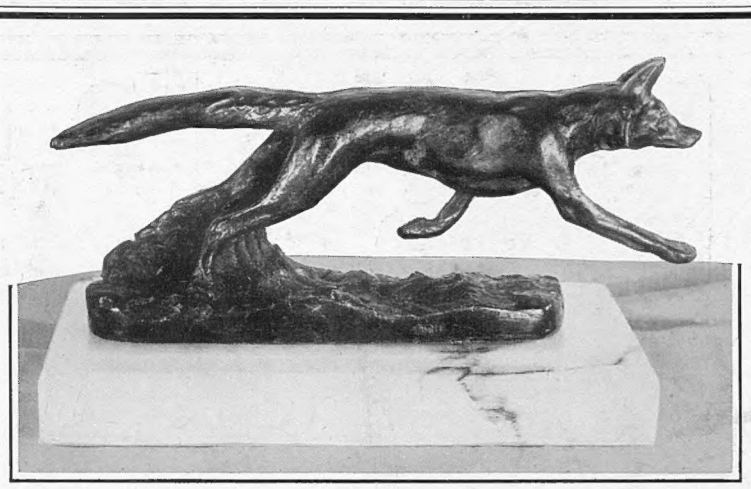

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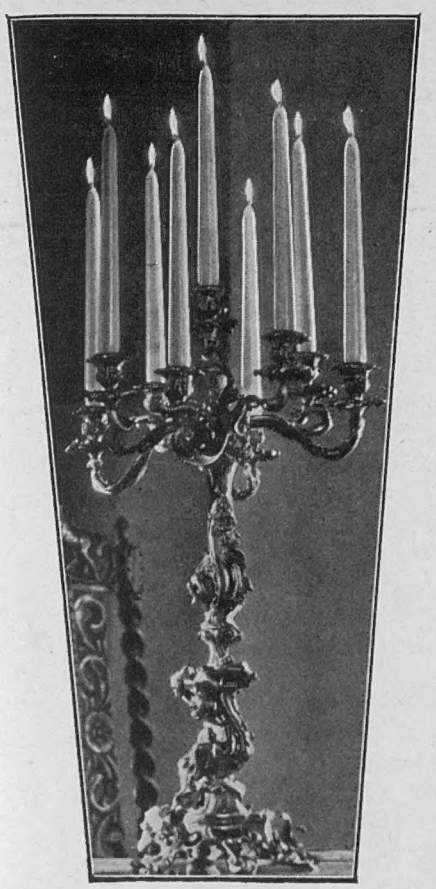

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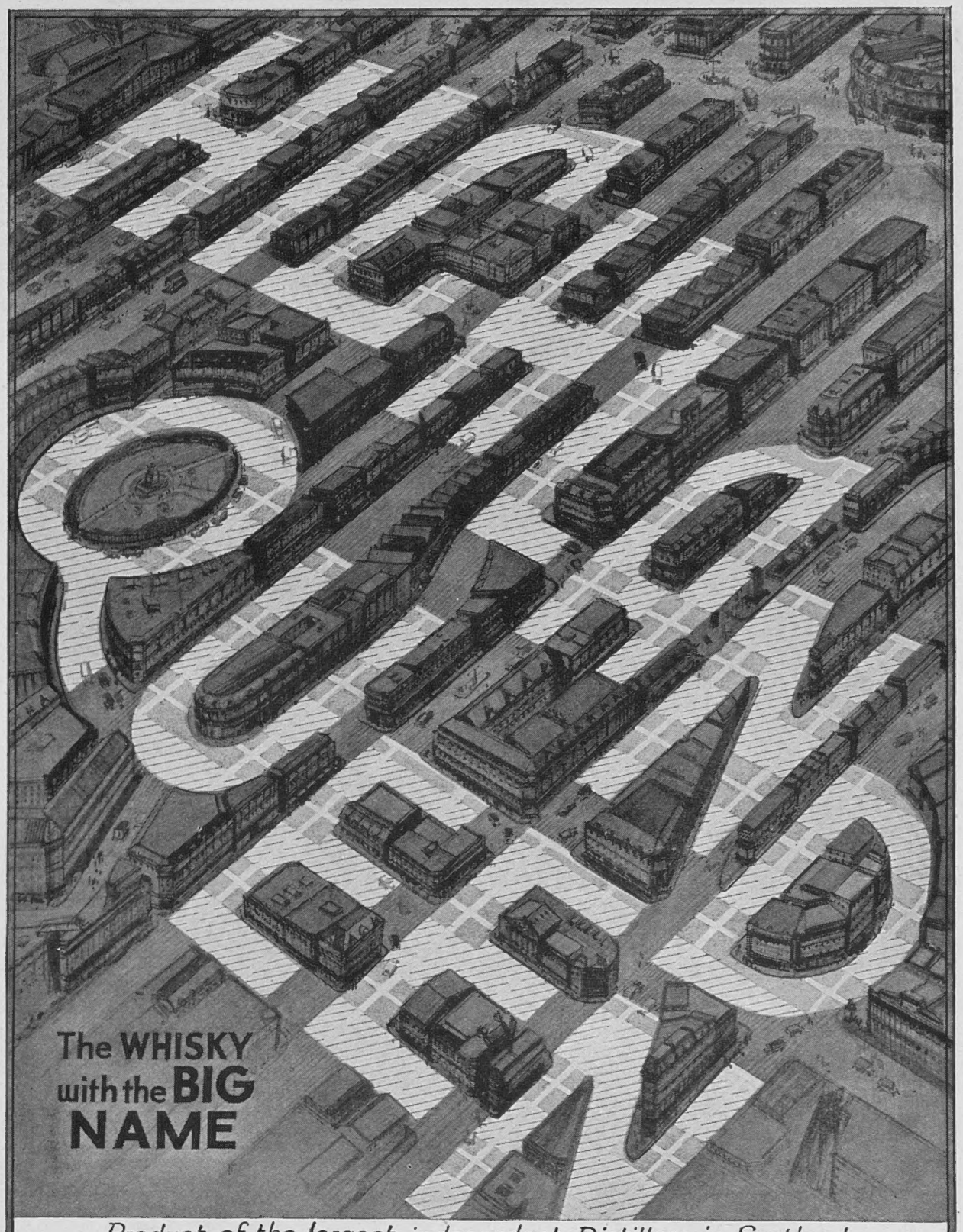

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